HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIX.—No. 973.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

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ANDREW JOHNSON.

THERE has been a general tribute to the sincerity and the force of will of ANDREW JOHNSON, and an equally general expression of feeling that he died at a happy moment for himself. The former is praise which is subject to very serious qualifications, and the truth of the latter remark would have been more striking had he died before Mr. LINCOLN. That Mr. JOHNSON was honest in the sense that he made no money illicitly from his connection with politics is unquestionable. But the practical value of sincerity is to be determined by the nature of the conviction which is sincerely held. It makes a great difference whether we think a man sincerely right or sincerely wrong. TORQUEMADA was probably as sincere as FÉNELON, and Queen MARY as sincere as HOOPER and RIDLEY. Mr. JOHNSON was as sincere in vetoing the Civil Rights Bill as he would have been in going to Ohio, as he is said to have intended, to advocate inflation. It is a serious wrong to accustom ourselves to speak of every public man when he dies as if he were an admirable historic character. Mr. JOHNSON was not a man of lofty life or of high intelligence or ability. That he became President is no evidence that he was in any sense a great man, unless the same fact establishes the greatness of TYLER, POLK, FILLMORE, PIERCE, and BUCHANAN, some of whom were elected President, as Mr. JOHNSON was not. His opposition to the secession movement was courageous, like that of BROWNLOW and other Union men of the Border States, and it was the more effective because he was a Democrat. But he had never been recognized as a leader by the Democratic slave lords who controlled the party, and his hostility had, therefore, some taint of personal feeling.

Mr. JOHNSON was nominated with Mr. LINCOLN in 1864, not because he was a man of great ability, or high character, or illustrious public service, or of commanding reputation—for very little was personally known of him—but because he was a conspicuous Border State man, a Democratic Senator who had not betrayed his country, and an old supporter of slavery. The Republicans had become a Union party, and his nomination was intended to be the proof of it. It was a mistake, as such expedients at such times usually are. The election turned wholly upon the question of national existence, and it would have had precisely the same result had Mr. HAMLIN been renominated. The death of Mr. LINCOLN threw Mr. JOHNSON into a position in which the Republican national party would never have thought of placing him, and he more than any person or thing was the cause of the confusion and perplexity that have attended reconstruction. As soon as he had ceased terrifying the country with an apprehension of a kind of Oriental vengeance upon the late rebels, he began to betray the victorious cause of which he was the representative; and an ignorant, narrow, conceited, stubborn politician, who had no comprehension of the scope and significance of the contest which had accidentally given him power, and no sympathy with the principles and spirit which had triumphed, set himself fiercely against the intelligent will of the people who had fought and conquered, and for three years he strove obstinately to undo what they had done. By a most happy fortune he was confronted by a man of the same indomitable will, of unshrinking courage, of unswerving conviction; a man as sincerely right as he was sincerely wrong; a man, like PYM, felicitously fit for the time: and that ANDREW JOHNSON did not succeed in doing the mischief which with undoubted sincerity he intended, we owe to the sagacity, the skill, the nerve, and the tenacity of THADDEUS STEVENS, who embodied the conviction and the determination with which the American people came out of the war.

The demoralization of the public service under the JOHNSON Administration was enormous. It was computed that a fourth of the revenue due the country was lost in the collection, and Mr. RANDALL, the Postmaster-General, announced to the army of officers in that department that they must not forget to whom they owed their bread-and-butter. Since the days of ANDREW JACKSON, to whom JOHNSON very much liked to be compared, there had been no such prostitution of the service to selfish personal ends. The tenure of office was servility to "my policy." And when toward the close of this administration, which had so obstinately imperiled the results of the war, the Democrats in their National Convention formally declared reconstruction unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, as they had four years before declared the war a failure, the country saw that every thing was in danger, and by a movement as truly patriotic as the "uprising" of 1861 the fatal reaction of JOHNSON and the Democracy was stayed, and the victory of the war was re-asserted in the election of its most illustrious soldier.

These facts are not changed because Mr. JOHNSON is dead, and it is much more desirable that they should be remembered than that we should try to consider him a great man, or a hero, or a wise statesman, or an ideal patriot. The Presidency is a great office, but for that very reason it exposes little men. Success in reaching it by whatever means must not be regarded as a condonation of offenses or a purification of character. Indeed, it is becoming the reproach of our political system that it is not sure to elevate men of the highest character and ability and reputation to the highest office; and there is all the more reason, therefore, for pointing out so flagrant a discrepancy between the man and the place as appeared when ANDREW JOHNSON was President.

MR. THURMAN'S SPEECH.

THE speech of Mr. THURMAN at Mansfield, in Ohio, is humiliating in every point of view. It is in no sense an able speech; it is only a desperate effort to furnish some pretense of excuse, to those who believe that inflation is both dishonest and disastrous, to support a party which declares for inflation. The excuses offered are contemptible. They are that inflation is not "expressed" in the platform, that it is only a State platform, that party success this year in Ohio is indispensable to victory next year in the country, and that members of parties must be tolerant of differences of opinion. It is really difficult to believe that a man of the ability and previous standing of Mr. THURMAN should be guilty of uttering such puerile folly. The victory of the rag-money Democracy over him is complete; for he not only invents absurd pleas for supporting their fatal policy, but in doing it he destroys all chance of his party nomination for the Presidency, and loses the respect of all respectable opponents. If Mr. THURMAN does not know, he is the only man in the country who is ignorant, that if the Democratic party carries Ohio this year, he will not be the Ohio Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. And if it be said that he is entirely superior to personal considerations, and speaks only from an unselfish desire for the success of his party, he must explain why he desires the success of a party which maintains what he thinks a dishonest and disastrous public policy. To say, as he does, that it is only a State declaration is no reply, because he knows that the opinions upon a national policy which the Ohio Democrats hold at home are those which they will urge in their National Convention, and to aid their success at home is to help make them successful in the Convention. There is no loop-hole of escape. A more disgraceful political spectacle has been seldom seen than that offered by Mr. THURMAN at Mansfield.

Mr. THURMAN'S abject surrender of individual independence to party dictation is made the more conspicuous and painful because he begins his speech with a prolonged taunt of the Republicans for doing precisely the same thing in Congress last winter. He depicts their servile silence. He holds up to contempt their tame docility to the caucus. The sole significance and force of his introduction is the tacit appeal to the manhood of his hearers, which must instinctively loathe such unmanly obsequiousness as he describes. And when he has finished his picture—when he has lavished all his scorn and ridicule upon the Republicans for their unscrupulous devotion to party, exclaiming that "upon almost every question of public importance party interest was preferred to the interest of the people," and that "during the whole session the question with the majority seemed to be not 'What is best for the republic?' but 'What is necessary to save the Republican party?'" when he has insisted and reiterated that those who do this deserve only public scorn, he proceeds to say, in substance: "Fellow-citizens, I have shown you how mean and contemptible it is to prefer party to the public welfare, but I have come to Mansfield to tell you that that is precisely what I am going to do in the present canvass in this State. My party and your party has laid down a platform which I think fatal to the interests of the country. But the party must be sustained. Defeat would imperil our success next year. So I am going to stand by the party, platform or no platform, honesty or no honesty, the public welfare or no public welfare, and I advise you to do the same. We don't care for our own honor and self-respect, nor for the good name of our country, nor for the prosperity and industry and morality of our fellow-citizens; but we do care for our great and glorious party. Let honor and honesty, intelligence and industry, go to the dogs, but for Heaven's sake give us a Democratic victory in Ohio!"

The speech of Mr. THURMAN is one of the most lamentable proofs of the political demoralization of the time. That men should differ with their party upon minor and indifferent subjects, and upon the desirability of candidates, or that, differing upon an important point, they should refrain from speech, is something to which we are all accustomed. But that being directly opposed to it upon a vital and paramount public policy, upon a question which is a chief issue, a man should say that he holds to his convictions as firmly as ever, but that he also means to do what he can to secure their defeat, is to invite public wonder and distrust—we had almost said public contempt. For what are parties, and why do honest men sustain them and act with them? A party in this country is a voluntary association of those who believe that a certain policy will promote the common welfare, and who unite to advocate it and to carry it out in practice. But when a majority of those who are thus associated change their opinions, and advocate and seek to enforce a cardinal policy which is fundamentally opposed to that which was previously supported, why should a man who still believes that it is the true policy labor to defeat it by securing the success of its opponents? The only conceivable reason is that the party success is indispensable for some other still more important purpose. But that is merely absurd. There can not be a more important purpose than that which by common consent is the most important question. Mr. THURMAN has fallen from the higher to the lowest grade of politician.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN CONNECTICUT.

WE are glad to know that the inflation issue in Ohio, important as it is, will not be suffered to overshadow that of the freedom of the common schools. In his manly, earnest, temperate, and admirable speech at Marion, which is a singular contrast to the reckless fury and shallow demagogery of his opponent, General HAYES, the Republican candidate for Governor, spoke most plainly and conclusively upon the subject. The platforms of both parties in that State assert, indeed, that the schools must remain free from priestly control. But the relation of the Democratic party to the Roman Church is such that its declarations upon this subject can not be trusted. When the Ohio Democrats pronounce for the freedom of the schools, we can not forget that every attempt to place the schools under sectarian control by a division of the school money has been made by Democrats; and it is notorious that except for the Democratic intrigue to retain the Roman Catholic vote, there would be no such question as the division of the school money. It is made a question solely by the effort of the Roman Catholic managers, sustained by Democratic leaders. The effort is made in every State, and its history is every where the same. One of the latest chapters was in Connecticut, and has probably escaped the attention of most of our readers. But the whole situation may be studied in events in that State, and the facts are well worth attention.

A partially successful attempt has already been made in New Haven, Waterbury, and New Britain to obtain a share of the money for Catholic schools, and during the recent session of the Legislature, in which the majority was Democratic, Mr. LYNDE HARRISON, a well-known Republican, introduced an amendment to the Constitution expressly prohibiting any grant to sectarian institutions. It was referred to the committee upon the subject, composed of five Democrats and three Republicans. The Republicans, with one Democrat, reported the amendment favorably, the other four Democrats adversely. Action was delayed in the House because the Democratic majority wished to avoid any record upon the subject. We now proceed to state facts which rest upon the best authority. As soon as the amendment was introduced, Father HUGHES, a leading Roman Catholic clergyman in Hartford, notified the Democratic managers that it must not be allowed to pass. Conferences were held in New Haven, at which Governor INGERSOLL and the editors of two of the chief Democratic papers in the State were present, with members of the Democratic State Committee, and it was decided, in obedience to the priestly demand, that the amendment must be killed. A caucus was held, and it was resolved that the proposition should be made a party question, and should be defeated by a motion of indefinite postponement. Meanwhile the priests were invited to appear before the committee and publicly give reasons for opposing the amendment. But they failed to come, and were content with private interviews with Democratic leaders.

Late in July the House took up the question. Mr. HARRISON, the chairman of the committee, opened the debate, forcibly stating the argument against sectarian schools, and saying that the committee was equally divided upon the amendment. Mr. STEVENS, of Hartford, a member of the committee who had reported unfavorably, followed in opposition, declaring that "it was an attempt to crowd a sectarian issue upon the people of the State, which, to their credit, they had hitherto avoided," and he insisted that the existing provision of the Constitution made such a prohibition unnecessary. When he had spoken, Mr. CARROLL, a Democrat and a Roman Catholic, moved the indefinite postponement of the subject, and called the previous question. This form was adopted to cut off all reply to Mr. STEVENS'S statements in regard to the present Constitution, to prevent further debate, and to avoid a direct vote upon the amendment. The friends of the freedom of the schools demanded the yeas and nays. The result was that one hundred and eleven (111) Democrats voted in obedience to the priests for indefinite postponement; ninety-four (94) Republicans and four (4) Democrats, making ninety-eight (98), voted against postponement. Sixteen (16) Republicans and nineteen (19) Democrats were paired or absent. The only German in the House, Mr. ZIEGLER, was one of the four Democrats who voted against postponement, and the other three were farmers from small rural towns.

This is an illustration of the real attitude of the Democratic party upon the school question, which we commend to the consideration of the people of Ohio. If the freedom of the schools is in danger—and no one who is familiar with the facts will deny it—the peril lies in the servile obedience of the Democratic leaders to the Roman priesthood, which is the price of the Roman Catholic vote for the Democratic party. The important point is not what Democrats may say upon the subject in Ohio, but what they do in every State of the Union.

JUDGE KELLEY'S EXPLANATION.

JUDGE KELLEY has written a letter in explanation of the reported remarkable passage in his Youngstown speech to which we referred last week. He distinctly disavows any sympathy with Communistic theories—which we certainly should not have suspected—and says that the report of such a strain in his speech came from a gentleman of Youngstown, who, unfortunately blind, is yet a fine scholar, an accomplished musician, and an agreeable gentleman, but very intolerant of doctrines which he does not approve. This gentleman, the judge says, misrepresented the "Communistic violence" of the peroration of the speech, which the judge then explains. He was referring to an article in the New York *Tribune*, which, alluding to him and others who hold his views, hoped that the Ohio platform would not encourage them to appeal to the Communistic spirit, adding that "such men and their followers" had in other lands been crushed with shot and slaughter. Judge KELLEY says:

"I referred to this article in deprecation, and pointed to the contrast between the American laboring people, with their intelligence and recollections of past prosperity, and deplored any system that might reduce them to the condition of the French *sans culottes* of 1793, and said that as like causes produce like effects, should history be made to repeat itself, capital would find itself at the mercy of the mob. This was the head and front of my offense, as certainly more than twelve hundred auditors can attest."

Unless Judge KELLEY means to compare the policy of a sound currency based upon gold and silver to the tyranny that produced the horrors of the French Revolution, we confess that we do not understand his explanation; and if he does mean that, his

sagacity seems to us wholly at fault. It is not surprising that those who heard the speech did not understand this allusion correctly, if the orator's explanation seems so obscure. He may reply, indeed, that he can not undertake to furnish his critics with intelligence; but he must remember that his letter does not deny what has been charged. The Cleveland *Daily Herald* says of the peroration: "The judge, speaking with great earnestness, warned the bankers and bullionists that unless they desisted from robbing and plundering the people, a mob might be at their doors and a knife at their throats." Unless the report is wholly inexact, the judge had described the laborers whom hard times, due to the policy of contraction, had turned out of their homes as "robbed" of them. This policy, therefore, he denounced as a robbery. Those who support it are consequently robbers. And "if like causes produce like effects," these robbers, or bankers and bullionists, would be at the mercy of the mob. This, we agree, is not Communism; but, under the circumstances, it must be regarded as an incitement to violence; and it is for that reason that it seemed to us unworthy of a gentleman in the position and of the character of Judge KELLEY.

MR. PLIMSOLL AND SAILORS' WRONGS.

"MAY God forgive us for our murderous neglect of our fellow-men at sea!" These words were written by SAMUEL PLIMSOLL at Christmas, two years ago, and with his soul stirred with the immense wrong which, until he was touched by it, no one had adequately comprehended or exposed, he said, "My firm conviction is that had the Government helped me instead of doing their utmost to thwart my efforts, many, many hundreds of brave men now at the bottom of the sea would have been alive at this moment." It is not surprising, therefore, that when the Prime Minister lately announced in the House of Commons that the Government meant to throw over the proposed legislation upon the subject, Mr. PLIMSOLL startled the House from its propriety by a bitter denunciation of such conduct. He said that the result would be the loss of thousands of lives, and that he would unmask the villains, some of whom sat in the House. Then, amidst universal uproar, he said that he would ask on another day whether certain vessels lately wrecked with shocking loss of life belonged to Mr. BATES, member for Plymouth. He laid a protest upon the table charging the Government with complicity with maritime murderers inside and outside the House, and demanding that the bill be not abandoned. "Failing in this," he added, "I lay upon the heads of the Premier and his colleagues the blood of all who perish next winter from preventable causes, and pronounce against him and them the wrath of God."

It is easy to imagine the dismay of a respectable British House at Mr. PLIMSOLL's outbreak.

"H[is] manners have not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

He is a man as much in earnest as Mr. GARRISON was in behalf of the slaves, or as Mr. BERGH is for the proper care of animals. He is devoted heart and soul to the cause of the neglected and oppressed seamen, and has already influenced legislation in their favor, while he has made the most powerful and effective appeals to public interest and sympathy by a simple narration of facts. How strong the impression made upon England by Mr. PLIMSOLL, and how singularly dull to the national feeling upon the subject the Prime Minister is, are shown by the fact that at the next meetings of the House after this passionate scene the expression of public opinion in the press and by petitions and motions and questions was so general and powerful that the Government surrendered, and one of its members introduced a bill to prevent unseaworthy ships from sailing. Mr. PLIMSOLL accepted the bill as a temporary provision, and made his apology for his violation of the rules of order, but reiterated his adhesion to the statement of fact. Mr. DISRAELI then moved to withdraw the motion of censure, and the Prime Minister's airy and contemptuous disregard of the "humanitarian" and "moral" aims of a reformer and "fanatic" ends in his complete discomfiture and the immense gain of a cause which he thought so insignificant that it might easily be passed by. It is another striking illustration of the truth that earnest men, who have a real cause that appeals to every heart and is befriended by every intelligent man, woman, and child in the country, can not safely be despised by politicians.

Such a cause is that of the wrongs of sailors both in England and America. In the Christmas number of *Once a Week* two years ago was a story called "Ship Ahoy," republished by the HARPERS, which in a very clear and interesting way showed the oppressions to which they were subject. Mr. PLIMSOLL wrote an appendix, in which he gave some most painful and pathetic illustrations of the outrages practiced upon this unfortunate class of men in the English service. An excellent account of the United States merchant marine is contained in the work called *Among our Sailors*, by Dr. JEWELL, late consul at Singapore. From both sources it is easy to see that justice and humanity require precisely the kind of investigation and commanding appeal which Mr. PLIMSOLL has made. Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF also, who has had personal experience of the fortunes of a sea-faring life, wrote an article in the March number of *Harper's Magazine* last year which is full of valuable information. The narrations of all these writers are like stories of slave-ships and of the middle passage; and when a man thoroughly alive with the sense of such wrongs encounters a shifty, clever, skeptical master of persiflage, who thinks that the centre of indifference is the height of wisdom, and who takes nothing very much in earnest, the clever skeptic will inevitably go down. The history of progress is the history of fanaticism. Reforms are carried because some men confront and defy sneers and pity, as well as malice and hatred, in the profound conviction that their purpose is supremely important. It is because the GARRISONS and BERGHS and PLIMSOLLS "will be heard," as GARRISON said, that the wrongs they expose are remedied.

Mr. PLIMSOLL abounds in eloquent facts. He quotes from the books at LLOYD'S to show that in the first six months of the year 1873 there were one hundred and twenty-eight ships posted as missing, which were never heard of more, and the total number of lives lost in ninety-two of this number, where the number of the crews was known, was thirteen hundred and twenty-eight. The actual total of the lost was probably more than seventeen hundred. And this loss, which was an increase of the average, was evidently due to a law requiring a stringent examination of sea-going vessels. The unseaworthy were hurried off before the law could be put into operation. His details of the criminal overloading of vessels, of the treatment of sailors who will not sail in "coffins," and of the general avarice and inhumanity of the English service are pitiful and amazing. Mr. NORDHOFF says that the greatest atrocities are even yet perpetrated in this country in the shipping of men, and Dr. JEWELL mentions cases of the kind within his own knowledge. Dr. JEWELL also states that American sea-going vessels are not as well built now as they were even twenty years ago; and he quotes from the highest official sources the statistics of loss. During the five years ending with 1845 the loss was seventeen per cent. of the number built; but in the five years ending with 1872 the loss was more than forty per cent. He considers with care the probable causes of this increase; and Mr. NORDHOFF is of opinion that new methods and styles of ship-building and the introduction of steam-ships have so changed the manners and customs of the sea that the whole system of insurance of ships and cargoes, and the manner of shipping and employing crews, must be revised before the most serious evils that now disgrace the American and British mercantile marine can be remedied.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

AT a time when we are studying ourselves so closely it is interesting to see how a noted foreign enthusiast regards us. The Frenchman PROUDHON wrote in December, 1860, as quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"I believe all the good of the American civilization which you relate to us with so much interest; I believe, further, that this great weight of a complete free nation which will in a century number three or four hundred million souls secures the preponderance of the ideas of liberty and equality among men, and shortens the tedious path of emancipation for us by many hundreds of years. Did tyranny, leagued with Jesuitism and the Inquisition, weigh upon the whole of the Old World, I should still say that humanity was saved; for America is there, and in the presence of this marvelous evolution all retrogression is impossible. What I particularly applaud in American society is that the great principles are saved—personal dignity, the nobility of labor, the family, respect for women, their true emancipation: all, in short, that I love and venerate is secured. Things are still too little advanced for the greatness of such a part to be felt even in America; but I see it as though I were placed three centuries in advance among posterity, and that is why, subjecting the matter to final analysis, I think it well that young America should be proposed as an example to our old Europe."

It did not occur to PROUDHON that the very influence he denounces, and from which his own country had suffered, would appear in this country also, and in a malign form. He does not say, and probably he did not see, that the real defense of liberty is the general intelligence of the people, and that this can be secured only by the stringent care of the people themselves. PROUDHON would have been amazed had he been told that within fifteen years of the time at which he wrote a so-called American newspaper, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, would insist upon the union of church and state by demanding that sectarian religion be taught in the public schools. That paper says:

"The forty-seventh and forty-eighth articles of the Syllabus have authoritatively settled for all time that the exclusion of religious instruction from daily education is a damnable religious error, which Catholics can not approve without a denial of faith and commission of sin. Legislation does, therefore, as far as Catholics are concerned, interfere with the subject of religion. The state has no inherent authority to exclude religion from public education. When it does so, it plays the tyrant, clothing itself with a commission of power for which it can show no warrant. If the state did not tax us to support institutions that deny us liberty of conscience, we would not complain, at least of injustice. The ruin which secular education will inevitably bring upon the state would, however, not be averted. But as long as the present system prevails, the state not only questions our faith, but denies to us its free and unrestricted exercise."

When the *Telegraph* says that not to teach sectarian religion in the schools is a damnable religious error, it expresses an opinion which is of no importance except to itself. But when it speaks of the ruin that secular education will bring upon the state, it invites a comparison of the results of the public and the parochial schools. And we have yet to see that the Roman Catholic parochial schools turn out better men, or more useful citizens, or more patriotic Americans than the free unsectarian public schools of the country.

PERSONAL.

JOAQUIN MILLER has been spending a few days at Long Branch, where he has made himself quite agreeable to many of the clever people who are at that famous resort. The originality and pungency of his chat and the quiet and refinement of his manner are quite the opposite of the absurd stories that have been told of his very Western and unconventional way of life. A more courteous, modest gentleman is seldom met. OLIVE LOGAN has given two or three clever sketches of him. In one of these she mentions that a lady at the Branch asked him to dance. "Can't," he replied; "I've got a bullet in my leg." "Then come play billiards," suggested a gushing swell. "Can't; I've got a bullet in my arm."

—Ex-Senator SPRAGUE is a practical man. He entered a railroad car the other day with a pair of overalls under his arm, and said that he had been at work all day in his large mill at Baltic, overseeing some important repairs.

—Mr. JOHN S. PILLSBURY, the Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota, is a native of Sutton, New Hampshire, and forty-eight years old. He was formerly in business at Concord, New Hampshire, and went West twenty-one years ago.

—The wealthiest lady in America is the wife of Professor GAMMELL, formerly of Brown University, Rhode Island. She has an income of nearly a million a year, her father's estate, which she has just inherited, being estimated at fully $20,000,000.

—Governor TILDEN evinces his sympathy with the temperance movement in a very practical manner. The absence of wine and all spirituous beverages has been a marked feature of his official receptions at Albany, and has not in the least detracted from the cheerfulness of those pleasant social gatherings.

—People do make such queer requests in what they call their last will and testament. There, for instance, was Mr. GWYNN, of Virginia. He died, and was regretted more or less. When they came to look into his papers they found it was positively directed that he should be buried with his head eighteen inches higher than his feet (he preferred that angle), that his cane and sheep-skin should be placed in the coffin with him, and that the coffin should be carefully wrapped in a blanket—to keep it warm, as it were.

—Senator SCHURZ writes to friends in Washington that he will return to this country in October. He has spent most of his time abroad in Berlin, at the Foreign Office, studying the correspondence between Prussia and our government a century ago, intending to use the data obtained in the political history of America which he designs writing.

—Few young journalists, however clever, attain such worldly success as has befallen HANS FORSSELL, the Swedish writer on politics and philosophy, who has just, in his thirty-second year, been called to take a seat at the Council of State as Minister of Finance.

—A son of Sir JAMES HOGG has purchased the Victoria Theatre, London, and henceforth it will be devoted to religious purposes. Lord SHAFTESBURY and other gentlemen who have stood by MOODY and SANKEY are looking for a building site for the Young Men's Christian Association in London. It is to be a large edifice.

—The dowager Queen of Sweden has been successfully superintending excavations at Pompeii. A chamber was opened in which a number of women's ornaments were found, including a gold bracelet, a pair of silver ear-rings, a few coins, and various objects which had probably belonged to the toilet, such as small glass, alabaster, and other vases. Near them lay the bronze lock, hasps, and setting of a casket, in which they had probably been deposited. In another chamber a bedstead was found similar to the one now in the National Museum at Naples, which excited so much attention at the time of its discovery; and in the same apartment two bronze vases were recovered in a very perfect condition.

—A French prince, the Duc de Penthievre, is now serving in the French navy. His arrival at Yokohama has been telegraphed, with news of the discovery in an old temple, which has not been opened for 2000 years, of a cake of soap and a China plate. The plate is well enough; the soap, we fear, will not wash.

—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, besides preparing the article on the century's progress in American literature for *Harper's Magazine*, is to appear on the platform next winter with a lecture on the same subject, sketching JONATHAN EDWARDS and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN as giving the twofold tendencies of American literature, and treating of such authors as HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, WEBSTER, and CALHOUN among statesmen; BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, WILLIS, HOLMES, LOWELL, and EMERSON among poets; COOPER, HAWTHORNE, and Mrs. STOWE among novelists; and IRVING, POE, BAYARD TAYLOR, and BRET HARTE among general writers.

—Cadet IRWIN, of West Point, a member of the fourth class, is entitled to the thanks of all young cadets and young college boys for the manly way in which he treated a squad of "hazers" a few nights ago. As IRWIN was walking his post at guard at about midnight several of the older cadets attacked him, with the design, as stated, of rolling him down the side bank of Fort Clinton. The assaulted cadet stabbed one of them in the thigh with his bayonet, and clubbed two of them over the head with his musket. They were carried on litters to the hospital. "The subsequent proceedings" will interest them much more.

—The residence of General DIX, at West Hampton, Long Island, is one of those charming places that would seem to be specially designed for a gentleman of his wide culture and large experience. It is a large, light brown building, with gables facing every point of the compass. The rooms are not plastered; the walls are of ash, in narrow strips, and the floors are all double. The parlors are plain, but pretty and cool, with no carpets. In the mantel of the front parlor is set a unique tile, illustrating, in colors, ÆSOP's fable of the wolf and lamb. This was saved from the ruins of the general's father's house in New Hampshire. On the piazza are a couple of quaint Dutch chairs which Mrs. DIX brought from Holland. These chairs have boat-like tops. The general owns a beach of one thousand feet in length, and is very fond of snipe-shooting. He "shoots them down on the spot."

—THOMAS BALL received $9000 gold for his colossal statue of WASHINGTON in the Boston Public Garden. He took the commission at $12,000 "befo' the wa'," and was paid when gold was very high.

—SANTA ANNA is seventy-seven years old, but is still erect and slender, and his black hair and black eyes preserve their original brilliancy. He is as fond of "a chicken dispute" as ever, but doesn't bet so high; has fewer assets.

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL says that the best Sunday-schools he ever saw or heard of are in North Wales. Every North Welshmen who goes to church also goes to Sunday-school.

—M. DE REMUSAT had well chosen his time to die, if we may take for authority the witty ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE, who says: "It was the finest weather in the world. The public mind was at rest. The funeral was, therefore, an imposing spectacle. It was like a spring promenade in the Champs Elysées. The Madeline was decorated as for some great festival. Was it not, in fact, the fête of the immortality of a philosopher? M. THIERS, with PAUL DE REMUSAT, walked first after the hearse which bore his political and literary associate. The moonlight went before the sun. M. THIERS was much moved. Those who did not know him imagined that he was mourning over his own near prospect of death, since he is seventy-eight years old, like his deceased friend. But he was only weeping over the separation, without thinking of himself. He feels, besides, that he has not yet finished his allotted task, while M. REMUSAT had finished his. There is in M. THIERS a force of life which still assures him profitable years. 'I have no time to die,' said he to M. MIGNET, another contemporary; 'do like me—begin two or three books; you will see that death will give you time to complete them.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Kentucky State election, held on the 2d inst., resulted, as usual, in a Democratic victory. M'Creery is elected Governor, over Leslie, by a large majority.

A steam thresher at work on the farm of Benjamin Harlan, in Maury County, Tennessee, exploded on the 5th inst., killing three men and wounding seven others.

General Alexander Hamilton, son of the renowned Hamilton of American history, died in this city on the 2d inst., aged nearly ninety years.

Dispatches from Memphis, Tennessee, of the 6th inst., state that the Mississippi River at that point was rising steadily at the rate of two inches in twenty-four hours, with threatening weather. The levee at Oldtown had broken, and the water was pouring down in the direction of the plantations below.

Arrangements have been made by Duncan, Sherman, & Co. for the payment of their letters of credit upon presentation to J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, or Drexel, Harjes, & Co., of Paris, up to November 1.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell was begun in Dublin on the 5th inst., and continued for three days. A religious ceremonial was held in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cardinal Manning officiating, with the assistance of forty bishops and five hundred priests. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated. In Rome a pontifical high mass was celebrated in the church of the Irish College as a mark of sympathy with the O'Connell festival. A general holiday was proclaimed by the Mayors of Montreal and Ottawa on the 6th.

Steamer advices from China report fresh outrages upon foreigners at Pekin. The latest attack was made upon a member of the German legation, who, while on a scientific expedition with some companions forty miles from the capital, was severely beaten, and robbed of valuable astronomical instruments.

Disastrous floods have occurred in the northwestern provinces of India. Many dwellings have been destroyed, and serious loss of life has followed in the interior.

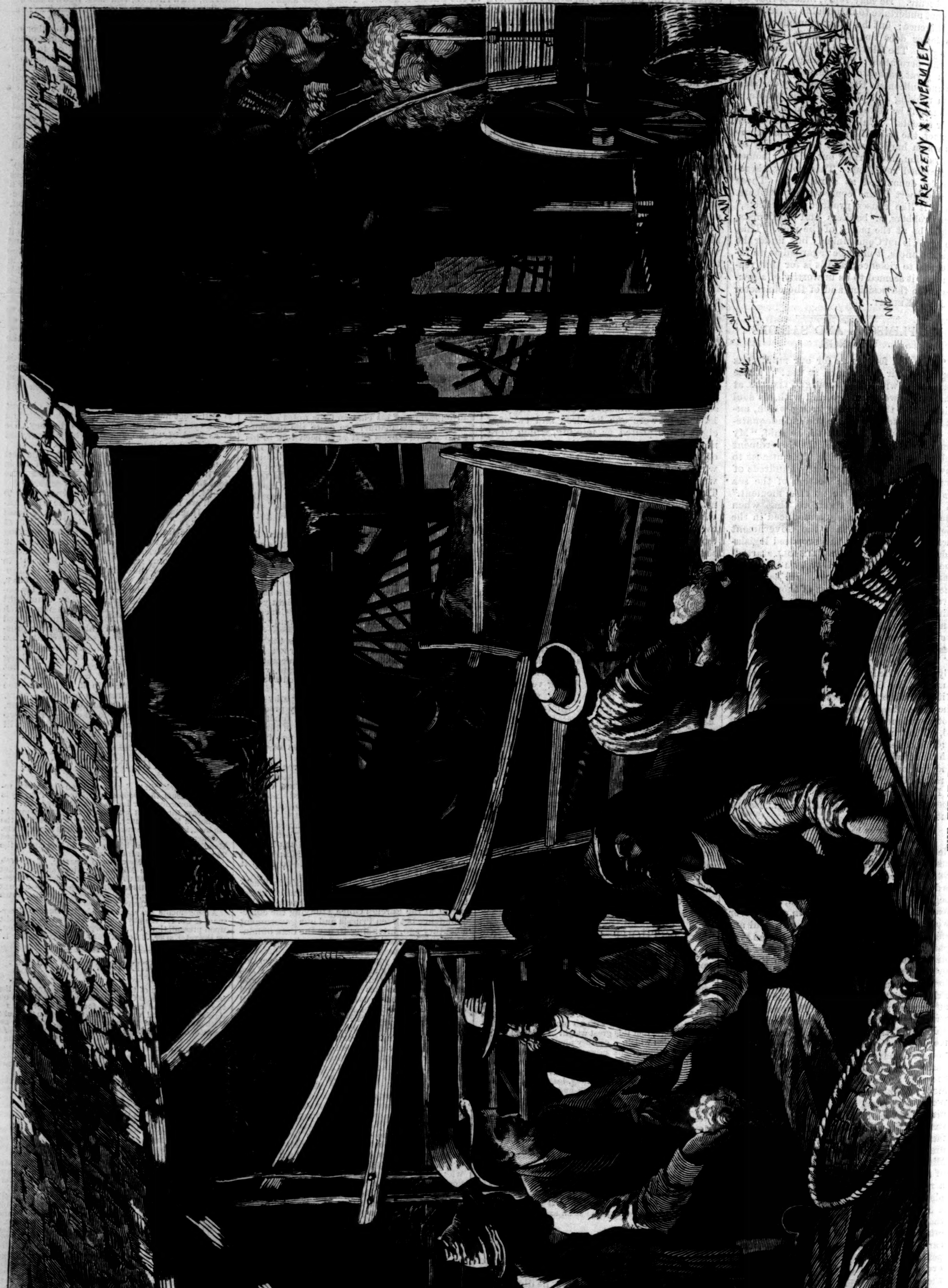
A water-spout burst over the town of Kirn, in Rhenish Prussia, on the 5th inst., inundating the place, and doing great damage. A bridge and many houses were swept away, and thirteen persons were drowned.

The French National Assembly adjourned on the 4th for three months. Before closing, it passed the bill constituting the Senate, and also the Channel Tunnel Bill, besides approving the Berne postal convention.

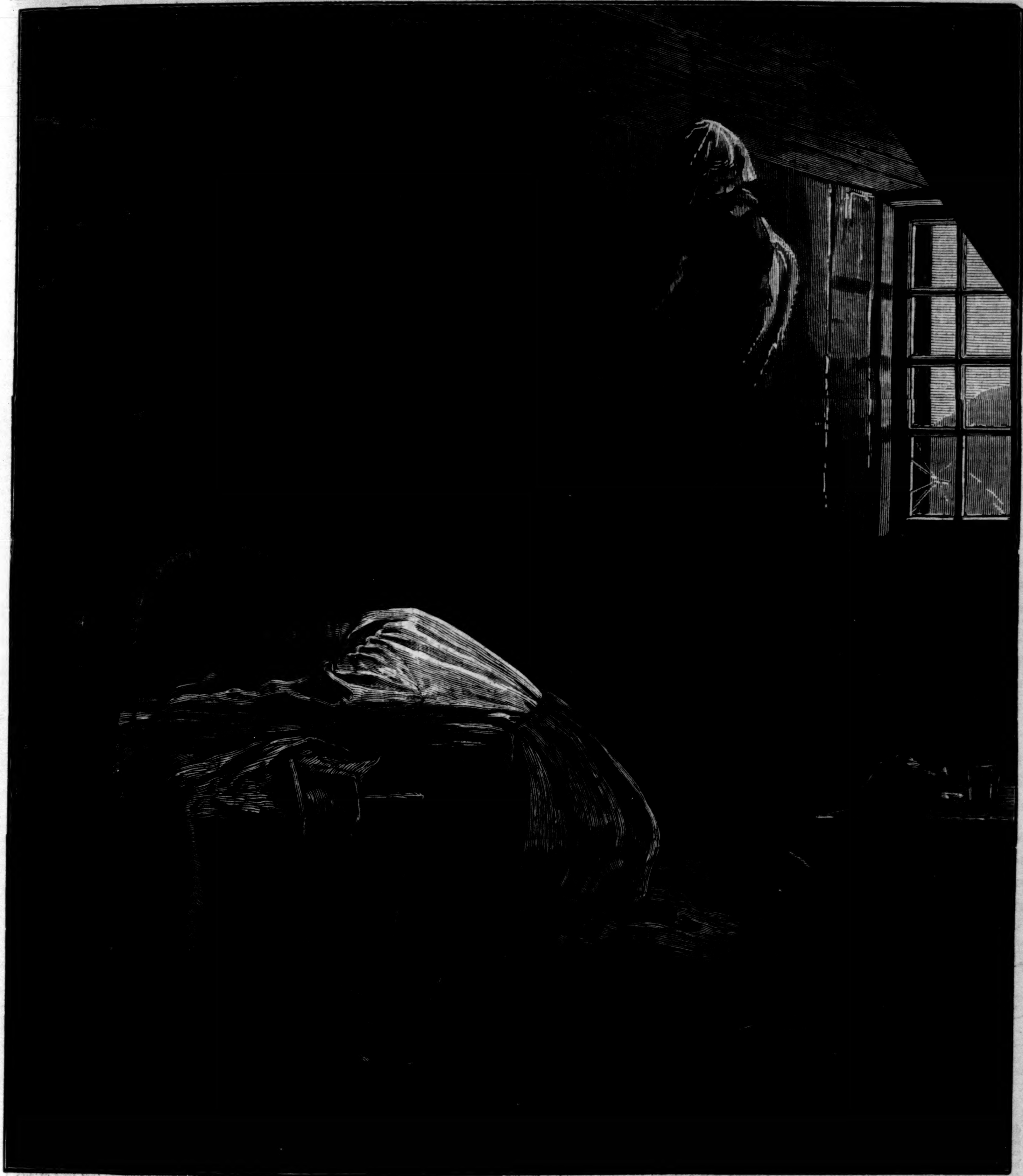
The projected Spanish Constitution declares the state religion to be Roman Catholic. The nation is obliged itself to maintain its worship and its ministers; but nobody shall be molested on Spanish territory for their religious opinions, or in the exercise of any worship so long as the respect due to Christian morality is observed. Nevertheless, other public ceremonies or demonstrations than those of the state religion are forbidden.

It is reported that several engagements have taken place recently between the Turkish troops and the Herzegovinian insurgents, in which the former were successful. The Turks are said to be collecting a large force to crush the insurrection at once.

The Adderley Shipping Bill passed the British House of Commons without division on the 6th.



THE FIRST BALE OF THE COTTON CROP.—[See Page 677.]



THE EMPTY CRADLE.—[DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.]

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

DURING the present hot and unhealthy season the rate of mortality among children in this city has attained alarming proportions. In one week it reached 700—at the rate of 100 a day. A large proportion of the little victims are under five years of age, children of the poor, who live in closely packed tenement-houses, where bad drainage, defective sewerage, and a general neglect of sanitary precautions lower the vitality of the dwellers, and deprive the children especially of the strength to resist the attacks of the diseases incidental to hot weather. It is noticeable, says the *Times*, "that the infant mortality of the season is greatest in the crowded districts near the river-side. This is largely due to the fact that our great outlet sewers are so constructed as to be liable to be dammed up by the rise of the tide. In this way the flow of pestiferous refuse is stopped, and the death-dealing sewer gases are forced upward into dwellings with a force which increases in proportion to the volume of stagnant filth underneath." The children of the rich escape these dangers, as they can be taken out of town into healthful summer retreats, while poor children must remain in the hot, overcrowded tenement-houses, exposed to all the unwholesome influences of which we are speaking.

This is a sad matter, demanding immediate and very serious attention. There is no mystery in regard to this slaughter of the innocents. Our streets, alleys, and courts are reeking with heaps of decaying matter, left exposed to the sun; the sewers seem to have been designed for the express purpose of discharging their worst gases into the rooms where people sleep; our want of police regulations for markets leaves the cheap corner groceries to supply withered and half-decayed vegetables and fruits to people who can not choose but take them. The Board of Health appears to be utterly incapable of correcting these evils. At any rate, it does nothing to stay the march of disease and death.

While the municipal authorities are justly censurable for neglect of duty in regard to the health of the city, much may be done, without any public interposition, by a little general attention on the part of mothers and nurses to some of the simpler and more obvious principles of hygiene; but this is possible only in small houses where each family lives alone and has control over every part of the dwelling. Every large tenement-house ought to be under the constant surveillance of the agents of the sanitary officials, and the tenants should be compelled to keep their rooms clean. A crusade should be at once begun against impure air and uncleanliness in the streets, and in the large tenement-houses, where hundreds of men, women, and children are crowded together, with scarcely breathing space. These houses, hot-beds of disease, should be thoroughly purified and kept in wholesome order by the enforcement of the most stringent regulations. The tenants will not do it of their own accord. The Board of Health, it is reasonable to suppose, was instituted for the express purpose of looking after these matters, but thus far it has shown itself to be either negligent of its duties or incapable of performing them. If these officials are deaf to the lamentations of weeping mothers, these Rachels who will not be comforted because their little ones are no more, public opinion should compel them to immediate action.

FIRST BALE OF THE COTTON CROP.

OUR illustration on page 676 represents the interior of a cotton-gin house in Texas. The motive power is a wheel of great diameter, set in motion by oxen, as shown in the sketch. A belt connects with the machine, the main features of which consist of a cylinder upon which is set a series of circular saws. A mass of cotton, separated from the cylinder by iron bars set close together, is brought into contact with the teeth of the saws, which play between the bars and draw the cotton through, leaving the seed behind. Underneath the saws is a set of stiff brushes on another cylinder revolving in the opposite direction, which brush off the fibre from the saw teeth. A current of air sends the loose downy material to a convenient distance from the machine, where it is collected and taken to the bale-room. Here it is pressed into bales.

As soon as the first bales of the crop are ready, great excitement prevails among the planters. Purchasers arrive from all parts of the country to examine samples, discuss prices, and make

bargains. Nothing else is talked of. The cotton crop is the one topic in parlor and log-cabin. The picking season begins in July or August, according to locality, and lasts until late in the fall, as the plant continues to produce and ripen its bolls of cotton until the appearance of frost.

PLATONIC KISSES.

"WHAT are they?" birdie, do you ask?
  Your forehead wears a puckered line.
Oh! now you've found a dreadful task
  Even for a learned head like mine.
Some questions are so hard! Ah, well!
  If even Plato's self were here,
The sage, I fancy, could not tell
  The riddle that you ask me, dear.

My birdie, Plato was a sage,
  The first to find he had a soul;
The life we live from youth to age
  His wisdom taught was not the whole;
And many theories Plato had
  To rule the impulse of mankind,
Controlling all the base and bad
  Through stern dominion of the mind.

And love, my birdie, Plato said,
  Should be communion of the soul,
To glowing passion cold and dead,
  And intellect should rule the whole.
Each soul another soul might find,
  And spirit intercourse reveal
A pure emotion of the mind,
  Like that we think the angels feel.

But what Platonic kisses were
  I doubt if Plato ever knew—
Not like, my birdie, I infer,
  The long, sweet kisses I give you,
And those you give me back again,
  Repeated oft, and never done;
Not thus, I fancy, could it be
  Platonic brides were ever won.

Philosophy perhaps had charms
  To satisfy great Athens' sage,
Indifferent to his lady's arms—
  Two heads bent o'er one musty page.
But moderns, made of sterner stuff,
  Would clothe it with a gentler light,
And, soul communion not enough,
  Both sense and spirit would unite.

Love's sweetest charms they would not miss,
  Nor into earthly passion fall,
So talk of a Platonic kiss,
  And thus contrive to get it all.
But fondest theories, birdie sweet,
  Oft bring a harvest of regret.
Now come and sit here at my feet.
  Well, have you understood me, pet?

I thought not. What a pair of eyes!
  I'll have to send you back to school.
If Plato's spirit could arise,
  We'd tell the ghost he was a fool.
Now lift your sweet lips up to mine;
  I like the language that they speak;
I know the rhetoric is not fine—
  What dreadful work they'd make of Greek!

Ah, how I love your little form!
  And now be sure you sit quite still.
Just hold my left hand, soft and warm;
  Don't shake the one that drives the quill.
Let Plato crown his love with bays;
  I'll make you mistress of my life.
I'll love you, birdie, all my days,
  And crown you with the name of wife.

(Continued from Supplement to No. 972, page 672.)

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

BY KATHARINE KING,

AUTHOR OF "OUR DETACHMENT," "THE QUEEN OF THE REGIMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOLACE IN DIFFICULTIES.

SULTAN and I did not let the grass grow under our feet on our way back to A——. It seemed that rapid motion relieved the tumult of angry feelings which raged within me, while my little Arab had, no doubt, his own motives for exertion in the thoughts of the comfortable stable and good feed that lay before him. So it chanced that when I arrived I found our fellows only just sitting down to dinner. They were late that day, most of them having been out on a grand pig-sticking expedition. I was in time to join them, and found myself obliged to defer all conversation with Hugh till a more convenient opportunity. During dinner I noticed that Solace looked both sulky and melancholy, which, to say the truth, was not usual with him, though when he was put out he certainly sometimes assumed that form.

"Well, Baby, what is wrong with you to-day?" I inquired. I may observe that Solace had gone by the endearing epithet of Baby ever since he had joined us, one of the greenest ensigns ever produced by the Green Isle. Solace looked blacker than ever, and muttered, "Nothing that I know of;" but Langham from the other side called out, "Oh, by-the-way, Cairnsford, you have not heard of Baby's troubles. I must tell you them, and I think you will agree with me in seeing the urgent necessity for procuring an ayah directly."

Several others now laughed, and Solace began to look seriously angry; but James, always good-natured, smoothed down his rising ire by saying, "Never mind, old fellow, you will have a laugh at him some day, and you must learn to bear this sort of chaff; for if you show you do not like it, they will take care to give you enough of it. Join in the laugh, and it will not hurt you." The young fellow brightened a little at this, and glanced with a smile at Langham, as though to say, "Tell away, and do your worst. I am ready." Langham laughed too—he was not a bad sort of fellow, only he could not resist a joke, and a ridiculous story about any of his comrades afforded such fine scope for ornamental embellishment.

"Well," he said, "you all know—or, at least, Cairnsford does not know—that we went up yesterday evening to Cumerbund—Major Crookley's place. You know him—the husband of that hideous woman (Hecate we generally call her) who thinks herself a beauty, and is coquette *à faire peur*. Her husband is jealous of her; and no wonder, as she is always fishing for new followers, though I do not think she is very successful; at which I am not surprised. How Crookley came to marry her is beyond my understanding."

"Oh, do you not know?" cried Brabazon. "I heard the whole story the other day from Soames of the 9th. It seems Crookley came here a very green young fellow, and this Miss Loudon—then of course many years younger, though, I believe, not one bit better looking—set her cap at him. She had plenty of money, but she was fearfully plain even then, and had, moreover, a way with her that made most fellows fight shy of her. Crookley was introduced to her, and, once she had got hold of him, she kept him, on some pretext or other, running after her, until one night, at a dance, where he was foolish enough to go without the protection of a superior officer—in which respect, happily for the regiment, Solace was more fortunate—he inadvertently made use of the somewhat high-flown expression, 'May I solicit the honor of your hand—' 'for the next dance,' he would have said; but she interrupted him quickly with 'Dear Charlie, as you love me so well, and seem so truly to desire it, I am yours. Call on papa to-morrow, early in the morning. For the present, I must say good-night, as we are going.' And she slipped off, leaving the unfortunate young fellow too dumfoundered to speak or to move. A comfortable night he must have passed, I should fancy; but at last he decided there was nothing for it but to call next day at her home and explain the mistake.

"Call he did, accordingly, and asked for Miss Loudon. He was shown into the drawing-room, where she presently came to him, apparently only just returned from riding, as she was in her hat and habit. She welcomed him with great *empressement*, but he, though feeling a little uneasy, rushed boldly at the matter in hand, and began—'I fear, Miss Loudon, you must have misunderstood some words I made use of last night in requesting the honor of your hand for a dance. What I meant—'

"'Oh no—not at all,' she interrupted. 'I understood you perfectly, dear Charlie, and have given it to you fully and freely, as you see;' at the same time laying her hand on his. 'Some one was saying to me just now that people might say I had misunderstood; but I answered that any one who dared say so to me I should, with my own hand, horsewhip within an inch of his life.' And she gave the strong cutting whip she held in her hand a switch through the air, within an inch of his shoulders, as she spoke. 'So you see, Charlie dear, there is not the least need to dread ill-natured remarks, and papa is ready to see you now. I told him all about it, and he will give me handsome settlements; we need not wait for your promotion, but can fix the day at once. I will go with you to papa, as he is sometimes difficult to get on with for those who do not understand him.'

"That is the way Crookley was hooked, according to Soames's account, and, to look at her, one would think it likely enough. I hear she keeps the identical riding-whip that conquered the major under a glass case in her own room. The fear of it is what keeps him, in general, in such awe of her, I should imagine. Now, go on, Langham, and tell us what happened to Solace."

"Where was I?—you have put me out," said Langham, peevishly. He liked to have all the talking to himself, and felt aggrieved that Brabazon should have interrupted his story. "Oh, I was telling you we went up to Cumerbund for croquet, with the prospect of a dance afterward. I need not tell you that if Solace has a marked failing, it is a strong tendency toward a mild flirtation, enjoyed quietly, without too much excitement, over an ice or a jelly at a dance, or by the help of the language of flowers during a stroll in the country. That is his style. Rather too much in the milk-and-water line for me, as he always keeps half his mind on the watch for danger signals, and only goes into the business with the other half; but *chacun à son goût*, and it is certainly the wisest way, after all.

"Well, yesterday he had not been long at croquet when his till then unoccupied fancy became attracted by Miss Loudon, a half-sister of Mrs. Crookley's, and without doubt a very pretty girl, only just come out from England to live with her sister. She and Mrs. Crookley are about the same height, and—I suppose through some caprice of Mrs. Crookley's—they were that day dressed alike; besides that they resembled each other in the color of their hair and their tone of voice—both, in fact, speak curiously alike; so that unless you saw their faces, you could not by the voice distinguish one from the other. Miss Loudon is, however, as pretty as her sister is the reverse, and I could hardly wonder at Baby's unsophisticated mind being caught by so attractive an object. And then her get-up was sweetly pretty, and she wore the palest cream-colored gloves, that fitted to perfection; she had an artless way of requiring the croquet balls to be settled under the prettiest arched instep that any man ever had the pleasure of beholding. His weakness was excusable, after all. We can pardon it; but for the safety of the regiment, my dear friends, let us all beg him next time to look before he speaks.

"He, of course, joined in a game of croquet, playing on the same side as the young lady I have been describing. I thought I should get more fun out of the thing by strolling about, and now and then looking on; and so, I think, it turned out.

"Shortly after the game commenced, Major Crookley, of whose relationship to Miss Loudon Baby was ignorant, and was consequently fiercely jealous of their evident intimacy, had a run of wonderful good luck, and went flying about the ground, displacing every one, to the triumph of his friends and anger of his foes, who whispered loudly, 'Did you ever see such barefaced spooning?' 'Such a fluke!' etc. At length he approached Miss Loudon's ball, croqueted it, and with one powerful blow sent it flying far over the boundary of the croquet ground.

"'Oh dear!' she cried, plaintively, 'that is me. How could you be so cruel! At any rate, you will bring it back to the edge of the ground.'

"'Is it yours? I did not know. You can bring it back yourself, or make Mr. Solace do it for you, if you do not want the trouble,' he answered, carelessly, going on with his game.

"She turned to Solace, who was standing beside her, with an appealing gesture.

"'You hear what he says. I do not want to go all that way. Would you go and get it for me? And do you think you could manage to put it down in good position without being observed? I am such a bad hand at croquet, I shall never get on unless I am helped.'

"'He ought to do it himself when he sends a lady's ball so far off the ground,' answered Solace; 'but I am glad he did not, for my own sake, as it gives me the opportunity of being useful to you.'

"With which touching speech he picked up the ball, and, with great adroitness, contrived to place it in excellent position, as he thought, unseen by any one. Major Crookley was, however, too devoted to his game and too proud of his success not to be very well aware of the exact spot where he had left each ball, and just as Solace had settled Miss Loudon's ball to her liking, Crookley called out,

"'Why, what is that? I say, Solace, where are you putting that ball? It has no business there.'

"'Oh yes; I assure you that is its place,' Solace answered, trying to look unconcerned.

"'And I assure you that is not its place, and I will not have it there,' said the major, angrily. 'I must request you to allow people to move their own balls on this ground, and not to infringe the rules of the place.'

"'I was not aware that bringing back a lady's ball when it had been sent over the boundary was an infringement of rules,' replied Solace, sulkily; 'under the circumstances, I think you should have fetched it yourself, which would have obviated all this.'

"'Oh, you think so, do you? I wonder who asked your opinion,' said Major Crookley, insultingly. (He is always rather hasty, and his temper was now thoroughly up.) 'I think ladies are as well able to fetch their balls as gentlemen; and I shall make it a rule in future, on my ground, that they do so.'

"'Then I should think very few ladies will honor your ground with their presence,' said Solace, whose 'back was up,' as the Yankees say.

"'Might I ask what you mean by that speech?' asked the major.

"'I mean what I say,' replied Solace.

"'I suppose you wish to insinuate by it that I am no gentleman,' continued Crookley, getting more and more excited as his opponent became more sulky and uncompromising.

"'You may put what interpretation you like on it,' answered Solace. 'Any thing will suit, I dare say.'

"'Come, come, this will not do,' said Melton, just then stepping forward (he was there, too, for a wonder). 'Solace, you should not have transgressed the rules of the ground; and you, major, are, I am sure, putting an interpretation on his words Solace never would have given them. Do not let us spoil a pleasant party by such a foolish dispute. I want to join in the game, and I can not get a mallet. Solace, give me yours, and take a stroll with Langham. He will show you all the beauties of the place, while the major and I will see which is the best man at croquet.'

"So the Baby, swelling with indignation, was turned over to me to bear-lead about the place, while Melton went in for croquet and flirtation with pretty Miss Loudon, whose blandishments, I fear, excited more response from our steady captain than they should have done, as I heard her tell her sister afterward Captain Melton was an angel, and he had the most perfect eyes she had ever looked at."

"Come, Langham, draw it mild, if you please," remonstrated Melton, laughing; "your ears are too good, my dear fellow, and in repeating what they hear, I fear you sometimes say more than your prayers. Besides, consider my feelings; I know I ought to blush, but am so hardened I can not get one up, even to save my reputation before you all."

"Is that all?" I said, as Langham proceeded to refresh himself with a draught of iced Moselle cup. "I thought there was something more coming; but indeed that was foolish enough. Baby, my child, I hope you will be cautious, or the charming Amelia may have a chance of holding the horsewhip over your shoulders, as her sister did over Major Crookley's."

"You are as bad as the rest, Cairnsford," laughed Solace, with more good temper than he had at first shown. "Why should not I admire a pretty girl, if I see one? and why should not I help her when she is in difficulties, if she asks me?"

"Why should he not, poor fellow?" chimed in Marshman. "Of course he should, if he likes; we only want to keep him from running his innocent little head into a very dangerous slip-noose, from which he will never be able to extricate it if he once gets it in."

"What are all you fellows making such a noise about? I have not half finished my story; and I declare one would think it was a ladies' committee-room, the noise and chatter are so great. Silence there, gentlemen, and let me continue," cried Langham.

Order being restored immediately on this appeal, he went on, disregarding the plaintive looks of Solace, who would evidently have been just as well pleased had no farther disclosures been made of his yesterday's proceedings.

"After croquet," continued the indefatigable Langham, "it was proposed that we should dance, and I need not tell you Baby lost no time in obtaining the first dance from Miss Loudon. Not content with one, he asked for another, which was readily granted. As she gave it she said, 'If I am not in the room when our dance begins, I shall be in the garden near the ruined temple; it is a favorite seat of mine; it is so pleasant to steal away between the dances, and rest in the cool evening air, among the ruins all covered with plants and flowers.' Solace muttered something I did not hear quite, though I was close by at the time, about her being the fairest flower of all; but I suppose she heard it, as she smiled brightly, and went off with her partner. Now comes the dreadful part of the story, Cairnsford. I am sorry I have been so long coming to it, but it was necessary to explain every thing.

"When the time drew near for his dance, Solace, not seeing the lady any where in the rooms, went to the garden to look for her. There she was, sitting in the appointed place. He could not see if she was pleased at his punctuality as he approached, as there was no moon that night, and the stars, though brilliant, did not light up the garden sufficiently for him to observe the expression of her face. She did not speak, and he began: 'I knew I should find you here when I saw you were not in the dancing room. I have been counting the minutes till our turn should come round again.'

"'Do you really, then, like dancing with me so much?' she replied. 'But it is only the nonsense people like you talk. You think, because you are here to-day and there to-morrow like a butterfly, you are privileged to show in your character all the inconstancy usually ascribed to that insect.'

"'Indeed you wrong me,' Baby replied, earnestly; "you do not know how I have looked forward to this dance. But even if you do not believe what I say, do me one favor. Give me one flower out of your bouquet, that I may keep in remembrance of this evening; you can not refuse me this little request. Just that one rose-bud; you will not, I am sure, be so cruel as to refuse it; there is no harm in it.'

"'No harm in it, indeed!' said a man's voice behind them. 'I like that. Sir, I say there is harm in it; and you will have to do without a flower from this lady, as I shall not allow her to give you one.'

"'And what business have you to interfere between me and any lady to whom I may make such a harmless request, I should like to know?' asked Solace, haughtily.

"'I will very soon show you what right I have to interfere,' roared the major, for it was none other than he, springing forward in an ungovernable passion, at the same time flinging away a cigar he had until that moment carried lighted in his hand, and aiming a blow at Solace's face with the white kid glove he had just been about to put on before returning to the dancing room. Solace, seeing his intent, stepped back quickly, and escaped untouched; but the insult was too marked, and turning away, he said, 'You shall hear from me again on this matter, Major Crookley. A friend of mine will come to you here immediately, as the affair had better be settled at once before it gets wind, when the authorities would interfere.'

"'Very well, Sir,' answered the major, becoming calm enough when he perceived his insult had been taken up in the way he wished. 'I shall wait here for half an hour for your friend. If he does not come before that time expires, I shall think even worse of you than I at present do.'

"Almost beside himself with rage, Solace walked off to me, and related what had occurred, begging me to act as his second, and to appoint a meeting at half past four o'clock, in a secluded spot just outside the garden, on the banks of the river.

"I tried at first to reason our friend Baby out of this absurd idea, representing that duels were forbidden by the regulations of the service, and that it would cost him his commission; but you have no notion how stiff an infantile mind can be until you have been placed in a position like mine.

"Seeing I could not persuade him to listen to reason, I called Melton, who was equally unsuccessful, and who was at last obliged to say, 'Well, Langham, if it must be, I should advise you to go and see Major Crookley; the half hour is nearly up, and it will not do to let him think any of our regiment were defaulters in an affair of honor. Stay, I will go with you, as really I think there must be some mistake. I do not think the major can be such a fool as to object to his sister-in-law giving a flower to any one she chooses. Solace, you wait here till we return.'

"We accordingly went to the garden, and in the appointed spot found Major Crookley. 'Ah,'

he cried, on seeing us, 'you have only just saved yourselves; the half hour is almost up, and if you had not come in time to settle this little business, I should have been obliged to punish your young friend some other way, instead of giving him the satisfaction of a gentleman, as I had intended.'

"'Well, but, major,' said Melton, 'will you tell us what it is all about? For Solace tells us it is about a flower he was begging from a lady; but that seems quite too foolish to believe. I am sure there must be some misunderstanding.'

"'Misunderstanding, indeed!' replied the major, excitedly; 'it was a great deal too plain to me. I had come to sit out here in the cool night air with my wife, who was tired of dancing; I left her for a moment to go and light a cigar at a lamp in the veranda, and when I returned, I found this fellow sitting beside her making love to her, and begging for flowers and keepsakes and what not. I just told him my mind straight out; and I will not say I did not provoke him to challenge me, but then I was quite justified in doing so by the circumstances of the case; and I will give the young puppy a lesson that will teach him not to meddle with other men's wives in future.'

"As the major mentioned that it was his wife from whom Solace had begged the flowers, Melton started, and laid his hand on my arm to prevent my speaking; when the account was finished, he said, 'You certainly had great provocation, Major Crookley, and I regret that any officer of "ours" should have given you such grave cause of complaint; but tell me, if it could be proved that Solace imagined he was addressing another lady, while he was in reality speaking to Mrs. Crookley—if, I say, it could be proved that he was thus mistaken, and had no intention of annoying you in any way, I suppose you would have no objection to apologize for your insulting act to him, in which case he would, of course, withdraw his challenge, and all might be settled amicably.'

"'Well, certainly,' the major answered, 'if it could be proved that the young fellow had mistaken my wife for any other lady, which in this dim light is just possible, I suppose I ought to ask his pardon for my offensive gesture; yet I hardly think he could have made such a mistake.'

"'Well, I can not be sure about it,' replied Melton; 'only my impression is that he took your wife for another lady, for whom I know he entertains a great admiration. The best plan, however, will be for us to meet at the appointed place at half past four o'clock, when, if an accommodation is possible, I will arrange it; if not, Mr. Langham and I will act as the friends of Solace; you, I suppose, will bring your own.' So saying, we turned and walked back toward the dancing room; but we had not gone half a dozen yards when Melton went into a fit of quiet laughter, so violent that we were obliged to stand still for a few minutes till he got over it a little. 'Oh, it is too good, Langham! Is it not splendid? Think of that foolish Baby making pretty speeches to that old Hecate, Mrs. Crookley! And then his fighting a duel for love of her *beaux yeux!* Our fellows will die of laughing when they hear of it; I tell you what we ought to do. It will be a good thing to give that foolish youth a little fright; it may break him of the habit of indiscriminate flirtation he has allowed himself to contract, and it is sure to give us some fun, when he knows for whose sake he has been risking his precious person under the major's fire, for he is A 1 with pistols. We will not let him know about the mistake until they are on the ground face to face; then imagine how he will look when he finds Mrs. Crookley is the fair cause of strife.'

"I thought the idea good, and readily agreed to work it; but we were near failing in the beginning from the dreadful difficulty we experienced in keeping grave faces while we told the unhappy Baby the hour and place of meeting, with other arrangements, ending by requesting him not to allow people to see any thing unusual about him, but to keep up dancing with his customary spirit till the guests separated, which they did about four o'clock. As soon as they were gone we seized on Solace, and dragged him off to the place of meeting.

"'We can sit here and smoke a quiet cigar,' observed Melton, 'until the time is up. We have only half an hour to wait; and in the mean time, old fellow, if you have any message to leave for any of your friends, tell me, for though I do not think matters will be as bad as that, still it is the correct thing to do, and we may as well do the proper thing as we are about it.'"

"Yes," interrupted Solace at this juncture, "and a most heartless fellow I thought you, Melton. You looked so cool and easy over it all, and asked me had I made my will in such a matter-of-fact manner, that I thought you the most unfeeling monster I had ever met, and longed to be able to proclaim to the regiment what an unnatural ruffian you really were, instead of the kind, good-hearted fellow we had hitherto thought you."

"That will do, Solace," said Langham, waving his hand serenely; "your thoughts were very visible on your face, and I could repeat them all exactly as they passed through your mind if I considered them worth repeating. I only wonder how I ever kept my countenance; I am sure I have injured myself internally in my struggles to keep from laughing outright.

"Time went on. Solace was worked into a white heat by Melton's friendly offers and my instructions and comforting assurances, and I was beginning to think we should have to take the other line, and make light of it, to keep his nerves steady, though, to do him justice, they stood the test wonderfully, when Major Crookley made his appearance.

"'Oh, here you are already!' he cried. 'I am glad you are so punctual. We shall get over this little business in a few minutes; and I do not want to be long, as Mrs. Crookley may take it into her head to ask where I have been. I have brought a surgeon as well as my second, you see. I thought it likely one would be wanted.'

"'Very well,' I answered. 'We had better now measure the ground and place the principals. You are neither of you inclined to apologize, I suppose?'

"'No, indeed,' said Solace, stiffly; while Major Crookley did not seem to have heard my question, and began chatting to the surgeon with great volubility and ease of manner. Solace stood apart, looking as if he had swallowed a ramrod, and apparently taking not the smallest interest in our proceedings, though I am convinced he was watching out of the corner of his eye the whole time. The major had brought a very nice pair of pistols, which we determined to use, as they were the only ones to be got, and in a few minutes every thing was ready. The principals were placed in their proper positions, and Melton was just about to step up and ask Solace how he could be so fearfully foolish as to run himself into such a scrape for Mrs. Crookley, when a dark figure rushed out from among the bushes coming from the direction of the house, and discovered to our astonished eyes the lady herself.

"'This is a pretty way to treat your guests!' she cried, turning on her husband. 'What do you mean by it? Do you think I will allow such performances here? Go back to the house instantly, and do not let me hear of your trying any thing of the kind again. Here, give me that pistol before you go; you must have got my keys to take these. Pretty doings, indeed!'

"The major looked from one to another of us as though imploring protection and pity; then slowly and reluctantly handed the pistol over to his wife, who returned it to its case, and who, as he turned to leave, called out after him: 'Stay a minute, and tell me what this is all about.'

"'I only wished to give that young fellow a lesson about interfering with other people's wives. He is the one who was begging flowers from you last evening,' said the major, sulkily.

"'Oh, is that all?' answered the lady, benignly. 'He did not mean any harm by it; it was only a little gallant speech that meant nothing.'

"All this time Solace had been listening with open-mouthed wonder; now he whispered to Melton, 'You do not mean to say they think I asked her for flowers?'

"'Indeed they do,' laughed Melton; 'and I much fear you were guilty of it—unknowingly, I believe, but still guilty you were. Tell them who it was you went to meet at the temple, and perhaps the matter may be set right.'

"Thus urged, Solace stepped forward. 'Was it you, Mrs. Crookley, I met at the temple last night? I went there to find your sister, Miss Loudon, who told me she would probably be there when our dance came round; and I thought I was addressing her when I begged for flowers. I should never have ventured to make so presumptuous a request to you.'

"'You went to meet my sister,' replied Mrs. Crookley. 'I knew from what you said you were mistaking me for some one else, though I could not guess whom I was taken for. We will call Amelia, and see why she was not there as she promised, thus causing this stupid mistake. Ali!' she continued, raising her voice. A black servant came out from among the bushes and approached her. 'Go and call Missee Loudon—I want her; or stay, we will return to the house, but tell her I want to see her.'

"'If the Mem Sahib will not be angry, Ali will tell where Missee Loudon gone away to,' answered the black, with a cunning look in his dark eyes. 'Missee Loudon she run off with Mister Spot, the young leetle Sahib come so often to see the Mem Sahib. Ali hear Missee Loudon say they go off to be married.'

"'Ensign Spot, of the 101st Native Infantry!' screamed Mrs. Crookley. 'The ungrateful girl! is that the way she treats me? She will have nothing to live on, as I know. He has not a penny; and she need not expect any thing from me, as she has not married to please me. I always intended her to make a good match, and now she has gone and spoiled all my plans. The ungrateful hussy!'

"Melton and I looked at each other, and went into internal convulsions of laughter; while the major sidled up to Solace, who was looking very glum, and holding out his hand, said:

"'Well, it was a mistake, after all, and I am sorry for my part in it, and still more sorry that the girl has gone and made a fool of herself. You will forgive my hastiness, will you not? I really thought you were using me badly, and my temper is unfortunately soon put up. I must go now and see where that foolish couple have got to, as I should be sorry if Amelia got into trouble; but you will come in and take something before you go?'

"We declined this, however, and set off on our way back to A——; and if Solace does not know what it is to be chaffed by this time, I am much mistaken."

"Bravo, Baby!" I cried, when Langham had finished. "You got out of it splendidly, though I think that was more through good luck than good guidance. I hope your next flirtation will not have quite so exciting a termination."

"Oh, I never flirt, I assure you," answered Baby, gravely; "and it's a great shame of all of you to be so eternally accusing me of it."

"No, indeed, you never do flirt, and you never will, until the next time; but take care you do not do it once too often, and find yourself hooked some day before you know where you are. Now, Melton, come up into my room, for I want to have a chat with you."

[to be continued.]

MR. STANLEY'S BOAT.

On page 684 we give an illustration of the boat which has been constructed for Mr. Stanley to be used on the lakes and rivers of Africa. It is built in sections, to admit of easy carriage by porters across land. Mr. Stanley discovered Livingstone when all others failed; and being a man of courage, endurance, and enterprise, we may expect that his letters to the *Herald*, in whose service he is exploring the unknown regions of Africa, will record many interesting and important geographical discoveries.

MR. S. PLIMSOLL, M.P.

On page 685 we give a portrait of Mr. Plimsoll, whose efforts in and out of Parliament on behalf of sailors have made his name so well known in England and America. He was born at Bristol in 1824, and was educated privately. All his life he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and of late years has been chiefly concerned in the coal trade, upon which subject he has written several pamphlets. In 1865 he was an unsuccessful candidate for a seat in Parliament, but was elected member for Derby in 1868. Mr. Plimsoll has gone heart and soul into the work of unmasking the villains who send sailors to death in rotten ships, and his efforts in Parliament to obtain stringent legislation against this monstrous evil have been severe and unremitting. His violent outburst in the House of Commons (of which we gave an account last week) when the government gave notice that the Merchants' Shipping Bill was to be abandoned for the session was unprecedented in Parliamentary circles. But the sympathy of the country is with the member for Derby, and all good men wish him success in the work he has undertaken.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

The *Kuryer Poznanski*, of Posen, the organ of the Pope's secret legate, announces authoritatively that the Roman Catholic clergy and people are permitted to carry out the provisions of the Prussian law in relation to the administration of church property. This law establishes parochial boards in the parishes as the administrators, thus displacing the priests. It goes into operation on the 1st of October next.

It is said that this concession has been obtained from the Roman Curia through the intervention of France. The French government, observing what trouble the German war with the papacy has made for Belgium, fears for its own tranquillity also, and has effected this partial cessation of hostilities in order to ward off possible complications with Germany. The report is at least plausible.

The court of inquiry, summoned for the investigation of charges made against the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whittingham, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, assembled in Baltimore July 29. The principal charge is the failure to bring to trial certain presbyters of the diocese who are alleged to have offered prayers for the dead. The court, after hearing the testimony, decided that there were not sufficient grounds for citing the bishop to trial. At the same time they condemned with emphasis the practices of the presbyters named in the charges.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, who were sent out to Guadalajara to fill the place of the murdered missionary, John L. Stephens, have reached their destination. In Guadalajara and its neighborhood they find evidences of the success of the labors of their predecessors. Books are read by the natives, and meetings are well attended. Don Procopio Dias, the native pastor of the congregation at Acapulco who was so cruelly maltreated, is now in the city of Mexico. He bears on his person eight scars from the wounds inflicted on him the day of the riot. He will return to Acapulco.

Mr. Gladstone has collected his three essays on "Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," and "The Pope's Speeches," and will issue them in a volume, under the title of *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion*.

The number of pilgrims, French and Belgian, to Paray-le-Monial is very large this summer.

The Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas, of the Church of England, who has spent some months in India as an evangelist, has been preaching lately in Hong-Kong. Printed addresses have been issued to the people of that city inviting their attendance.

Under the provisions of the new law the Catholics of France will establish four universities at once: one at Lille, where 200,000 francs have already been collected; the second at Angers; the third at Paris, which will be under the direction of the Archbishop of Paris and Monseigneur Dupanloup; the fourth will be founded by the Jesuits at Poitiers. They will all have medical faculties.

Sea-side resorts, under the direction of the churches or their representatives, are springing up all over the Eastern and Middle States. The Baptists have opened two, one at Martha's Vineyard and the other on the coast of New Jersey; the Presbyterians one, near Cape May; while those under direction of the Methodists are, as the auctioneers say, "too numerous to mention." The idea of such places has grown into great favor.

The Prussian law abolishing the religious orders is already in process of execution. At Treves the inmates of monastic institutions have been called upon to present schedules of the property of their establishments. At Düsseldorf notice has been served upon the Dominicans and Franciscans to leave before August 15.

Proceedings looking to the deposition of the Bishop of Münster, Dr. Brinkman, have been commenced. At the last accounts he had not obeyed the summons to appear before the court. The Bishop of Paderborn, Dr. Martin, finished, July 14, his second term of imprisonment. He has since fled to Holland.

A question warmly discussed in the Jewish synagogues of this city, namely, the right of the congregation to allow women to sit in the pews with their families, instead of sending them to the galleries, has been decided affirmatively. This, as a religious paper well observes, is at least one good wrought out for the Jews by the Christian religion.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Ontario and Quebec will be held in Montreal Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 29 and 30 and October 1. A full programme of topics for discussion is announced.

The Montreal *Witness* says, "It looks very much as though the cursing business was getting played out." And judging from the examples which the *Witness* offers, it must be right. The following are specimens of fruitless curses: "The priest of St. Stanislas de Kotska cursed all who should vote for the Liberal candidate, and promised to bury them like dogs; the majority of his parish voted Liberal. A bishop and four priests at the Tanneries, powerfully supported from the pulpit of Notre Dame de Toutes Graces, launched like anathemas and added every form of personal influence, and yet a majority of the voters of the Tanneries accepted the curse and voted Liberal. The curé of St. Barthélemy, in the county of Berthier, laid the same malediction upon all of his flock who should vote Liberal, and yet the Liberal candidate received a majority of votes in that parish." The *Witness* has been placed under ban by one of the Canadian bishops, and its circulation has risen from 16,000 to over 22,000. Some curses are blessings, and by no means in disguise.

George T. Downing, now of Washington, one of the leaders of the colored men of this country, in a recent letter to the *Congregationalist*, repeats his threat made some months ago that unless there is a fuller concession of equality to his people they will go over to the Roman Catholic Church. He says, "I am fully persuaded that a general alliance on the part of the colored people of America with the Catholic Church of America would be the most speedy and effective agency to break down American caste based on color." So far as we have observed—and we have watched the indications with care—Mr. Downing's proposal has not met with a favorable response from the representatives of his race.

Complaints have been freely made that the O'Connell Centenary (August 5) was turned by its promoters into a Roman Catholic demonstration. The German bishops were invited to Dublin, and among them Cardinal Ledochowski. He has, of course, replied that circumstances forbid his attendance, but says in his letter that "he will never cease to pray that all the good inaugurated by the champion of the Catholic cause may develop and prosper." It was expected that the procession to the site of the proposed statue to O'Connell would be five miles in length. The commemoration was to last three days.

It is reported that the electoral colleges of Bavaria have returned 79 ultramontanes to 76 Liberals.

The next Conference of the Old Catholics will be held at Bonn, August 15. The invitation to it, issued by Dr. Döllinger, comprehends all Christians who accept the creeds adopted before the division of the Church into the Greek and Latin churches.

It has not been usual in the Church of England to call a layman to account for a deviation from its doctrinal standards. In the case of Jenkins against Cook this has been done, and the act of the vicar sustained by court. Sir Robert Phillimore, Dean of Arches, has pronounced his judgment, in which he sustains the Rev. Flavel S. Cook on every point. The facts of the case as charged are that Mr. Jenkins, "being a member of the Church of England, and having during the last six years regularly attended divine service on Sundays at his parish church, having always conducted himself reverently in the church, joining in the responses in accordance with the directions of the rubric, believing in the inspiration and canonical books of the Old and New Testament, that Scripture contained all things necessary for salvation, and in the doctrine of the atonement of the sins of mankind by the death of our Lord on the cross, and having published and used a certain volume of family prayers, was, on Sunday, the 4th of October, 1874, after having given the legal notice, and having duly presented himself to receive the holy communion, refused the communion by the defendant." The selections from the Old and New Testament had been published by Mr. Jenkins for nine years, but had not been read by the vicar till some time in 1874. These selections omit all passages which speak of the eternity of punishment or the personal existence of the devil. Mr. Jenkins also wrote a letter to the vicar in which he declared that the passages omitted from the selections were, in his opinion, "incompatible with religion or decency." The Dean of the Court decided that the denial of the doctrines named brought Mr. Jenkins into the category of "hinderers and slanderers of God's word," and that, therefore, he was properly refused the sacrament. Notice of appeal has been given.

Justice. "VISEZ THE REST OF THEIR PASSPORTS!" (WILL SAINT PETER RECOGNIZE THEM?)—[See Page 682.]

BLOOD AND FIRE
IN THE NAME
OF
RELIGION.
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC
CHURCH
AGAINST
STATE.
HOSTILE ATTITUDE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AUTHORITIES IN SALVADOR AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, AS IT IS IN SO MANY OTHER QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.
A PRIESTLY PROPAGANDA AGAINST CONSTITUTED RULE.
GEN. ESPINOSA WAS CUT IN PIECES AND THE PIECES THROWN AMONG THE MOB.
THE GARRISON WERE ASSASSINATED.
HAVING FINISHED WITH THE SOLDIERS, THE MOB PROCEEDED TO PILLAGE THE SHOPS AND STOREHOUSES KILLING MANY HONORABLE CITIZENS. HOUSES AND OTHER PROPERTY DESTROYED BY FIRE— DAMAGE NOT LESS THAN $1.000.000.
SAN SALVADOR SAN MIGUEL
"SUPPOSE THE GOVERNMENT HAD INFRINGED ON ANY OF THE RIGHTS OF THE CHURCH BY ITS DECREES ABOUT CEMETERIES AND SCHOOLS (WHICH IT HAS NOT), DOES IT THINK THE BEST WAY TO OBTAIN JUSTICE IS THE COMMISSION OF ASSASSINATI S, ROBBERY ARSON AND RAPE, AS HAVE HA ENED IN SAN MIGUEL
SIGNED
SOME CHRISTIAN LOVERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.
LET US HAVE NO MORE
NAME
PASSPORT TO HEAVEN.
PASSPORT TO HEAVEN

THE SAN MIGUEL MASSACRE.

OUR double-page cartoon, from the vigorous pencil of NAST, refers to the horrible massacre which took place at San Miguel, in San Salvador, in the latter part of June. San Miguel is a town of 40,000 inhabitants, in the southern part of the republic, about forty-two miles distant from the port of La Union, and the second city in the republic. A great deal of discontent had been excited against the government by its refusal to allow a pastoral of the Bishop of San Salvador, written in a tone hostile to the laws, to be read in the churches. There had also been considerable hostile feeling among the lower classes, owing to some regulations requiring dealers to use a new market-place.

While matters were in this condition a priest named PALACIOS preached a violent sermon against the constituted authorities on Sunday, the 20th June. That evening the mob arose, attacked the Cabildo, and liberated some two hundred prisoners. They then assaulted the small garrison, and took the cuartel, killed General ESPINOSA and wounded General CASTRO, cut the former to pieces and threw the pieces at each other, split the skull of General CASTRO and threw him over a wall, where he was picked up by his mother, and died in three days. The garrison were nearly all assassinated, and many honorable and respectable citizens killed. After this the fanatical mob set fire to some sixteen houses with kerosene. It fortunately happened that the British ship of war *Fantome* was lying at this time in the port of La Union. At the request of the English consul and the people there, the captain landed his marines for the protection of the place, which enabled the garrison there, in union with a force of Honduras troops from Amapala, to march at once to San Miguel, where they arrived just in time to put a stop to further atrocities and crimes.

The curate PALACIOS was arrested, with others that had participated in the outbreak, and a good many of the inferior bandits had been shot by order of President GONZALEZ, who had arrived with troops. With the houses destroyed and pillaged, the damage is estimated at $1,000,000, and commercial failures are looked for in consequence. The country was declared in a state of siege, and President GONZALEZ took measures to establish order and bring the perpetrators of this disgraceful outbreak to condign punishment.

After the suppression of the outbreak passports to heaven were found on the bodies of the dead rioters. These documents, which were signed and sealed by the Bishop of San Salvador, read as follows:

"PEDRO, abre las puertas del cielo al portador, que morió por religion.
"JORGE, Obispo de San Salvador."

That is, "PETER, open the gates of heaven to the bearer, who died for religion."

It was known that some days before the outbreak there were distributed at the Episcopal Palace scapularies of the Virgin of Carmen and the Sacred Heart, the former being recommended as rendering the bearer bullet-proof. An ultramontane sheet, called *La Verdad*, is accused of diffusing anarchy and subversive ideas among the lower and ignorant classes, the fruits of which are seen in the atrocities of San Miguel.

The Clergyman's Confession.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Second Part.

VI.

THE stranger made his appearance punctually. I guessed him to be some two or three years younger than myself. He was undeniably handsome; his manners were the manners of a gentleman, and yet, without knowing why, I felt a strong dislike to him the moment he entered the room.

After the first preliminary words of politeness had been exchanged between us, my visitor informed me as follows of the object which he had in view.

"I believe you live in the country, Sir?" he began.

"I live in the West of England," I answered.

"Do you make a long stay in London?"

"No. I go back to my rectory to-morrow."

"May I ask if you take pupils?"

"Yes."

"Have you any vacancy?"

"I have one vacancy."

"Would you object to let me go back with you to-morrow as your pupil?"

The abruptness of the proposal took me by surprise. I hesitated.

In the first place (as I have already said), I disliked him. In the second place, he was too old to be a fit companion for my other two pupils—both lads in their teens. In the third place, he had asked me to receive him at least three weeks before the vacation came to an end. I had my own pursuits and amusements in prospect during that interval, and saw no reason why I should inconvenience myself by setting them aside.

He noticed my hesitation, and did not conceal from me that I had disappointed him.

"I have it very much at heart," he said, "to repair without delay the time that I have lost. My age is against me, I know. The truth is, I have wasted my opportunities since I left school, and I am anxious, honestly anxious, to mend my ways before it is too late. I wish to prepare myself for one of the Universities; I wish to show, if I can, that I am not quite unworthy to inherit my father's famous name. You are the man to help me, if I can only persuade you to do it. I was struck by your sermon yesterday; and, if I may venture to make the confession in your presence, I took a strong liking to you. Will you see my father before you decide to say No? He will be able to explain whatever may seem strange in my present application, and he will be happy to see you this afternoon, if you can spare the time. As to the question of terms, I am quite sure it can be settled to your entire satisfaction."

He was evidently in earnest—gravely, vehemently in earnest. I unwillingly consented to see his father.

The interview was a long one. All my questions were answered fully and frankly.

The young man had led an idle and desultory life. He was weary of it, and ashamed of it. His disposition was a peculiar one. He stood sorely in need of a guide, a teacher, and a friend, in whom he was disposed to confide. If I disappointed the hopes which he had centred in me, he would be discouraged, and he would relapse into the aimless and indolent existence of which he was now ashamed. Any terms for which I might stipulate were at my disposal, if I would consent to receive him for three months to begin with on trial.

I still hesitated. I consulted my father and my friends.

They were all of opinion (and justly of opinion so far) that the new connection would be an excellent one for me. They all reproached me for taking a purely capricious dislike to a well-born and well-bred young man, and for permitting it to influence me at the outset of my career against my own interests. Pressed by these considerations, I allowed myself to be persuaded to give the new pupil a fair trial. He accompanied me the next day on my way back to the rectory.

VII.

My Senior Pupil (you will find out his name for yourself before I have done) began well in one respect at least—he produced a decidedly favorable impression on the persons attached to my little household.

The women especially admired his beautiful light hair, his crisply curling beard, his delicate complexion, his clear blue eyes, and his finely shaped hands and feet. Even the inveterate reserve in his manner, and the downcast, almost sullen, look which had prejudiced *me* against him, aroused a common feeling of romantic enthusiasm in my servants' hall. It was decided on the high authority of the housekeeper herself that "the new gentleman" was in love, and, more interesting still, that he was the victim of an unhappy attachment which had driven him away from his friends and his home.

For myself, I tried hard, and tried vainly, to get over my first dislike to the senior pupil.

I could find no fault with him. All his habits were quiet and regular, and he devoted himself conscientiously to his reading. But, little by little, I became satisfied that his heart was not in his studies. More than this, I had my reasons for suspecting that he was concealing something from me, and that he felt painfully the reserve on his own part which he could not, or dared not, break through. There were moments when I almost doubted whether he had not chosen my remote country rectory as a safe place of refuge from some person or persons of whom he stood in dread.

For example, his ordinary course of proceeding, in the matter of his correspondence, was, to say the least of it, strange.

He received no letters at my house. They waited for him at the village post-office. He invariably called for them himself, and invariably forbore to trust any of my servants with his own letters for the post. Again, when we were out walking together, I more than once caught him looking furtively over his shoulder, as if he suspected some person of following him for some evil purpose. Being constitutionally a hater of mysteries, I determined at an early stage of our intercourse on making an effort to clear matters up. There might be just a chance of my winning the senior pupil's confidence, if I spoke to him while the last days of the summer vacation still left us alone together in the house.

"Excuse me for noticing it," I said to him one morning, while we were engaged over our books, "I can not help observing that you appear to have some trouble on your mind. Is it indiscreet on my part to ask if I can be of any use to you?"

He changed color, looked up at me quickly, looked down again at his book, struggled hard with some secret fear or secret reluctance that was in him, and suddenly burst out with this extraordinary question:

"I suppose you were in earnest when you preached that sermon in London?"

"I am astonished that you should doubt it," I replied.

He paused again, struggled with himself again, and startled me by a second outbreak, even stranger than the first.

"I am one of the people you preached at in your sermon," he said. "That's the true reason why I asked you to take me for your pupil. Don't turn me out! When you talked to your congregation of tortured and tempted people, you talked of Me."

I was so astonished by the confession that I lost my presence of mind. For the moment I was unable to answer him.

"Don't turn me out!" he repeated. "Help me against myself. I am telling you the truth. As God is my witness, I am telling you the truth!"

"Tell me the *whole* truth," I said; "and rely on my consoling and helping you—rely on my being your friend."

In the fervor of the moment I took his hand. It lay cold and still in mine; it mutely warned me that I had a sullen and a secret nature to deal with.

"There must be no concealment between us," I resumed. "You have entered my house, by your own confession, under false pretenses. It is your duty to me, and your duty to yourself, to speak out."

The man's inveterate reserve, cast off for the moment only, renewed its hold on him. He considered, carefully considered, his next words before he permitted them to pass his lips.

"A person is in the way of my prospects in life," he began, slowly, with his eyes cast down on his book. "A person provokes me horribly. I feel dreadful temptations (like the man you spoke of in your sermon) when I am in the person's company. Teach me to resist temptation! I am afraid of myself if I see the person again. You are the only man who can help me. Do it while you can."

He stopped, and passed his handkerchief over his forehead.

"Will that do?" he asked, still with his eyes on his book.

"It will *not* do," I answered. "You are so far from really opening your heart to me that you won't even let me know whether it is a man or a woman who stands in the way of your prospects in life. You use the word 'person' over and over again, rather than say 'he' or 'she,' when you speak of the provocation which is trying you. How can I help a man who has so little confidence in me as that?"

He twisted and untwisted his handkerchief in his hands. He tried, tried desperately, to say more than he had said yet. No! The words seemed to stick in his throat. Not one of them would pass his lips.

"Give me time," he pleaded, piteously. "I can't bring myself to it all at once. I mean well. Upon my soul, I mean well. But I am slow at this sort of thing. Wait till to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and again he put it off.

"One more day," he said. "You don't know how hard it is to speak plainly. I am half afraid; I am half ashamed. Give me one more day."

I had hitherto only disliked him. Try as I might (and did) to make merciful allowance for his reserve, I began to despise him now.

VIII.

The day of the deferred confession came, and brought an event with it for which both he and I were alike unprepared. Would he really have confided in me but for that event? He must either have done it, or have abandoned the purpose which had led him into my house.

We met as usual at the breakfast table. My housekeeper brought in my letters of the morning. To my surprise, instead of leaving the room again as usual, she walked round to the other side of the table, and laid a letter before my senior pupil—the first letter since his residence with me which had been delivered to him under my roof.

He started, and took up the letter. He looked at the address. A spasm of suppressed fury passed across his face; his breath came quickly; his hand trembled as it held the letter. So far I said nothing. I waited to see whether he would open the envelope in my presence or not.

He was afraid to open it in my presence. He got on his feet; he said, in tones so low that I could barely hear him, "Please excuse me for a minute," and left the room.

I waited for half an hour—for a quarter of an hour after that—and then I sent to ask if he had forgotten his breakfast.

In a minute more I heard his footstep in the hall. He opened the breakfast-room door, and stood on the threshold, with a small traveling-bag in his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, still standing at the door. "I must ask for leave of absence for a day or two. Business in London."

"Can I be of any use?" I asked. "I am afraid your letter has brought you bad news?"

"Yes," he said, shortly; "bad news. I have no time for breakfast."

"Wait a few minutes," I urged. "Wait long enough to treat me like your friend, to tell me what your trouble is, before you go."

He made no reply. He stepped into the hall, and closed the door; then opened it again a little way without showing himself.

"Business in London," he repeated, as if he thought it highly important to inform me of the nature of his errand. The door closed for the second time. He was gone.

I went into my study and carefully considered what had happened.

The result of my reflections is easily described. I determined on discontinuing my relations with my senior pupil. In writing to his father (which I did, with all due courtesy and respect, by that day's post), I mentioned as my reason for arriving at this decision: First, that I had found it impossible to win the confidence of his son. Secondly, that his son had that morning suddenly and mysteriously left my house for London, and that I must decline accepting any further responsibility toward him, as the necessary consequence.

I had put my letter in the post-bag, and I was beginning to feel a little easier after having written it, when my housekeeper appeared in the study, with a very grave face, and with something hidden apparently in her closed hand.

"Would you please look, Sir, at what we have found in the gentleman's bedroom since he went away this morning?"

I knew the housekeeper to possess a woman's full share of that amiable weakness of the sex which goes by the name of "Curiosity." I had also, in various indirect ways, become aware that my senior pupil's strange departure had largely increased the disposition among the women of my household to regard him as the victim of an unhappy attachment. The time was ripe, as it seemed to me, for checking any further gossip about him, and any renewed attempts at prying into his affairs in his absence.

"Your only business in my pupil's bedroom," I said to the housekeeper, "is to see that it is kept clean, and that it is properly aired. There must be no interference, if you please, with his letters, or his papers, or with any thing else that he has left behind him. Put back directly whatever you may have found in his room."

The housekeeper had her full share of a woman's temper, as well as of a woman's curiosity. She listened to me with a rising color and a just perceptible toss of the head.

"Must I put it back, Sir, on the floor, between the bed and the wall?" she inquired, with an ironical assumption of the humblest deference to my wishes. "*That's* where the girl found it when she was sweeping the room. Any body can see for themselves," pursued the housekeeper, indignantly, "that the poor gentleman has gone away broken-hearted. And there, in my opinion, is the hussy who is the cause of it!"

With those words she made me a low courtesy, and laid a small photographic portrait on the desk at which I was sitting.

I looked at the photograph.

In an instant my heart was beating wildly—my head turned giddy—the housekeeper, the furniture, the walls of the room, all swayed and whirled round me.

The portrait that had been found in my senior pupil's bedroom was the portrait of Jéromette!

IX.

I had sent the housekeeper out of my study. I was alone, with the photograph of the Frenchwoman on my desk.

There could surely be little doubt about the discovery that had burst upon me. The man who had stolen his way into my house, driven by the terror of a temptation that he dared not reveal, and the man who had been my unknown rival in the by-gone time, were one and the same!

Recovering self-possession enough to realize this plain truth, the inferences that followed forced their way into my mind as a matter of course. The unnamed person who was the obstacle to my pupil's prospects in life, the unnamed person in whose company he was assailed by temptations which made him tremble for himself, stood revealed to me now as being, in all human probability, no other than Jéromette. Had she bound him in the fetters of the marriage which he had himself proposed? Had she discovered his place of refuge in my house? And was the letter that had been delivered to him of her writing? Assuming those questions to be answered in the affirmative, what, in that case, was his "business in London?" I remembered what he had said to me about his temptations, I recalled the expression that had crossed his face when he recognized the handwriting on the letter—and the conclusion that followed literally shook me to the soul. Ordering my horse to be saddled, I rode instantly to the railway station.

The train by which he had traveled to London had reached the terminus nearly an hour since. The one useful course that I could take, by way of quieting the dreadful misgivings crowding one after another on my mind, was to telegraph to Jéromette at the address at which I had last seen her. I sent the subjoined message, prepaying the reply:

"If you are in any trouble, telegraph to me. I will be with you by the first train. Answer, in any case."

There was nothing in the way of the immediate dispatch of my message. And yet the hours passed, and no answer was received. By the advice of the clerk I sent a second telegram to the London office, requesting an explanation. The reply came back in these terms:

"Improvements in street. Houses pulled down. No trace of person named in telegram."

I mounted my horse and rode back slowly to the rectory.

"The day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life."......"I shall die young, and die miserably......Have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it?"......"You *shall* hear of it." Those words were in my memory while I rode home in the cloudless moonlight night. They were so vividly present to me that I could hear again her pretty foreign accent, her quiet, clear tones, as she spoke them. For the rest, the emotions of that memorable day had worn me out. The answer from the telegraph office had struck me with a strange and stony despair. My mind was a blank. I had no thoughts. I had no tears.

I was about half-way on my road home, and I had just heard the clock of a village church strike ten, when I became conscious, little by little, of a chilly sensation slowly creeping through and through me to the bones. The warm balmy air of a summer night was abroad. It was the month of July. In the month of July was it possible that any living creature (in good health) could feel cold? It was *not* possible—and yet the chilly sensation still crept through and through me to the bones.

I looked up. I looked all round me.

My horse was walking along an open highroad. Neither trees nor waters were near me. On either side the flat fields stretched away bright and broad in the moonlight.

I stopped my horse, and looked round me again.

Yes: I saw it. With my own eyes I saw it. A pillar of white mist—between five and six feet high, as well as I could judge—was moving beside me at the edge of the road, on my left hand. When I stopped, the white mist stopped. When I went on, the white mist went on. I pushed my horse to a trot—the pillar of mist was with me. I urged him to a gallop—the pillar of mist

was with me. I stopped him again—the pillar of mist stood still.

The white color of it was the white color of the mist which I had seen over the river—on the night when I had gone to bid her farewell. And the chill which had then crept through me to the bones was the chill that was creeping through me now.

I went on again slowly. The white mist went on again slowly—with the clear bright night all round it.

I was awed rather than frightened. There was one moment, and one only, when the fear came to me that my reason might be shaken. I caught myself keeping time to the slow tramp of the horse's feet with the slow utterance of these words, repeated over and over again: "Jéromette is dead. Jéromette is dead." But my will was still my own: I was able to control myself, to impose silence on my own muttering lips. And I rode on quietly. And the pillar of mist went quietly with me.

My groom was waiting for my return at the rectory gate. I pointed to the mist, passing through the gate with me.

"Do you see any thing there?" I said.

The man looked at me in astonishment.

I entered the rectory. The housekeeper met me in the hall. I pointed to the mist entering with me.

"Do you see any thing at my side?" I asked.

The housekeeper looked at me as the groom had looked at me.

"I am afraid you are not well, Sir," she said. "Your color is all gone; you are shivering. Let me get you a glass of wine."

I went into my study, on the ground-floor, and took the chair at my desk. The photograph still lay where I had left it. The pillar of mist floated round the table, and stopped opposite to me, behind the photograph.

The housekeeper brought in the wine. I put the glass to my lips, and set it down again. The chill of the mist was in the wine. There was no taste, no reviving spirit, in it. The presence of the housekeeper oppressed me. My dog had followed her into the room. The presence of the animal oppressed me. I said to the woman, "Leave me by myself, and take the dog with you."

They went out, and left me alone in the room.

I sat looking at the pillar of mist hovering opposite to me.

It lengthened slowly until it reached to the ceiling. As it lengthened it grew bright and luminous. A time passed, and a shadowy appearance showed itself in the centre of the light. Little by little the shadowy appearance took the outline of a human form. Soft brown eyes, tender and melancholy, looked at me through the unearthly light in the mist. The head and the rest of the face broke next slowly on my view. Then the figure gradually revealed itself, moment by moment, downward and downward to the feet. She stood before me as I had last seen her, in her purple merino dress, with the black silk apron, with the white handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She stood before me in the gentle beauty that I remembered so well, and looked at me as she had looked when she gave me her last kiss, when her tears had dropped on my cheek.

I fell on my knees at the table. I stretched out my hands to her imploringly. I said, "Speak to me, oh, once again speak to me, Jéromette!"

Her eyes rested on me with a divine compassion in them. She lifted her hand and pointed to the photograph on my desk with a gesture which bade me turn the card. I turned it. The name of the man who had left my house that morning was inscribed on it in her own handwriting.

I looked up at her again when I had read it. She lifted her hand once more, and pointed to the handkerchief round her neck. As I looked at it the fair white silk changed horribly in color; the fair white silk became darkened and drenched in blood.

A moment more, and the vision of her began to grow dim. By slow degrees the figure, then the face, faded back into the shadowy appearance that I had first seen. The luminous inner light died out in the white mist. The mist itself dropped slowly downward, floated a moment in airy circles on the floor, vanished. Nothing was before me but the familiar wall of the room and the photograph lying face downward on my desk.

X.

The next day the newspapers reported the discovery of a murder in London. A Frenchwoman was the victim. She had been killed by a wound in the throat. The crime had been discovered between ten and eleven o'clock on the previous night.

I leave you to draw your conclusion from what I have related. My own faith in the reality of the apparition is immovable. I say and believe that Jéromette kept her word with me. She died young, and died miserably. And I heard of it from herself.

Take up the Trial again, and look at the circumstances that were revealed during the investigation in court. His motive for murdering her is there.

You will see that she did indeed marry him privately; that they lived together contentedly until the fatal day when she discovered that his fancy had been caught by another woman; that violent quarrels took place between them from that time to the time when my sermon showed him his own deadly hatred toward her, reflected in the case of another man; that she discovered his place of retreat in my house, and threatened him by letter with the public assertion of her conjugal rights; lastly, that a man, variously described by different witnesses, was seen leaving the door of her lodgings on the night of the murder. The Law, advancing no farther than this, may have discovered circumstances of suspicion, but no certainty. The Law, in default of direct evidence to convict the prisoner, may have rightly decided in letting him go free.

But *I* persist in believing that the man was guilty. *I* declare that he, and he alone, was the murderer of Jéromette. And now you know why.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Fish Commission has recently completed a very important undertaking in the interest of the State of New York, in the way of stocking the rivers of the State on the west side of Lake Champlain, especially the Chazy, the Salmon, and the Saranac, with salmon, some 200,000 in number having been hatched out at the establishment of Messrs. STONE & HOOPER, at Charlestown, New Hampshire, and planted by Dr. M. C. EDMUNDS, one of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont.

The entire expense of this enterprise, amounting to nearly four hundred dollars, has been met by the United States.

It is well known that salmon formerly abounded in Lake Champlain and its tributaries on both sides, and, with a view of determining whether this condition of things can be restored to these waters, this experiment has been made.

Dr. EUGENE A. SMITH, State Geologist of Alabama, has recently published the report of progress of the survey for 1874. The law under which this work has been recommenced, after a long interval, makes it the duty of the State Geologist, besides giving an annual report of progress, to prepare a final report of all the work accomplished under the following heads: First, physical geography; second, geology and paleontology; third, economical geology; fourth, agricultural relations; fifth, botany and zoology.

The present report embraces a historical sketch of the efforts made to obtain a knowledge of the geology of Alabama, beginning with the appointment of Professor TUOMEY, in 1847, as Professor of Mineralogy, Geology, and Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Alabama, a part of his duties consisting in an investigation of the general geology of the State. This work was continued at the expense of the university until 1854, when an act was passed by the State Legislature authorizing the Governor to appoint a State Geologist, and making an appropriation of $10,000, exclusive of the salary of the State Geologist.

Professor TUOMEY, as might have been expected, received the appointment, and took the field early in 1854. He died in 1857, and Professor MALLET superintended the publication of the last biennial report in 1858. In 1871 the Board of Regents of the University of Alabama again instructed the Professor of Mineralogy and Geology to renew the investigations into the geology of the State; and in 1873 an act was passed for reviving and completing the survey ordered in 1854. This appointed Professor EUGENE A. SMITH, of the State University, as State Geologist, and made an appropriation of $3500 for the expenses.

The present report, the first of the new series, is occupied with an examination of the metamorphic or so-called archæan region of Alabama, and begins with a general sketch of the distribution of the strata and of their components, together with a more detailed statement of the geological structure of the several counties embraced in this series. A systematic account of the economical materials of these counties is then presented, among which the more important mentioned are various kinds of marbles, soap-stone, asbestos, corundum, gold, copper, and iron.

The report finally concludes with a table, giving the results of the analyses of iron ores, limestones, rocks, coals, etc., so far as they have been made on account of the survey.

The astronomical instruments sent by the Academy of Paris to China are to remain at Pekin, and possibly a permanent observatory may be established there. The French astronomers who are at Pekin report that the instruments set up by the Jesuit missionaries in the last century are still in perfect order. We believe that the American astronomers were instructed to inquire whether the original observations made by these missionaries were still in existence, and whether they would possibly, in some respects, be worthy of the attention of astronomers of the present day.

Mr. THOMAS BAINES, a well-known African traveler, died of dysentery on the 8th of May, while on his way toward the Tottin. He was an ardent explorer and an excellent geologist, and carried his researches to the north of Cape Colony, his reports of which were admirably illustrated by his pencil.

The third part of the second series of the magnificent work of Mr. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS upon the butterflies of North America has been published by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and embraces five plates, executed by Miss MARY PEART, who stands at the head of artists in this branch of natural science. The plates represent species of *Papilio*, *Argynnis*, *Apatura*, *Chionobas*, and *Lycæna*; all of them being rare and, for the most part, unfigured species, and also many but recently described.

The Cincinnati Society of Natural History has lately received a bequest of $50,000 from Mr. CHARLES BODMAN, of that city. The gift is absolute and without conditions. Mr. BODMAN was a member of the society, and has thus endeavored to place it on a permanent basis, and enable it to become one of the prominent institutions of Cincinnati.

M. DESHAYES, the eminent and veteran conchologist of Paris, died on the 9th of June.

The volcanic phenomena in Iceland, already referred to in our columns, appear to be gaining in intensity, outbreaks having occurred up to the latest news from the island (the middle of April). In March the Dyngjufjöll was incessantly vomiting fire, the eruption was steadily spreading over the wilderness, and the whole region of the My-vatn Mountains was one blazing fire. As already stated, the farmers over a large district of country covered by the ashes were obliged to remove their stock. A new eruption broke out early in April in a section southeast from Barfell, and between it and the Jokluss. On examination three lava craters were found on a line from north to south.

The report of Mr. HENRY W. ELLIOTT, published by the government in 1873, of a two years' residence on the Pribylov or Fur-Seal Islands, contained a very interesting account of the natural history of the region.

But few copies of this report were printed, and containing, as it did, a great variety of interesting illustrations, it has become one of the rarities of the book market, copies having been sold as high as $100 each. For the purpose of bringing to the notice of naturalists the zoological features of this work, Mr. J. A. HARTUNG has reproduced in the London *Field* the larger portion of this appendix, and has reprinted it in the form of a neat octavo pamphlet of thirty-eight pages.

The question of the so-called tides in the greater lakes of North America is likely to receive some elucidation from the researches of Dr. FOREL, of Lausanne, who has for several years been investigating what are known as the *seiches* of the Lake of Geneva, this term being applied locally to a certain oscillatory movement occasionally seen to occur on the surface of the lake. FOREL agrees with previous observers in attributing the phenomenon to variations in the atmospheric pressure; and it is believed that it will be found to occur in all large bodies of water.

His investigations have led him to the conclusion that the *seiche* is an oscillatory undulation, having a true rhythm, and that the phenomenon is not occasional, but constant, though varying in degree. The duration of a *seiche* is a function of the length and depth of the section of the lake along which it oscillates; this duration increases directly with the length and inversely with the depth of the lake. The instrument he has devised for the investigation of the phenomenon is a "tide measurer."

M. LE BESQUE, the oldest correspondent in the Geometry Section in the Academy of Science of Paris, died at Bordeaux June 12.

The Society of Arts refers to an official report in regard to the acclimatization of trout in Tasmania, which states that in 1873 a total distribution of 4050 trout eggs was made from the rivers of that country to the neighboring colonies; 800 of these were sea trout, the rest being those of the brown trout.

The Russian Geographical Society has received a letter from Mr. MIKLUCHO MAKLAY, from Singapore, dated April 13. He reports that in the Semangs, a primitive and nomad race, gradually disappearing before Chinese and Malay civilization, he has proved the existence of a non-Malayan and a probably Papuan element. He is about returning to Russia for the purpose of publishing the results of his travels in New Guinea and other parts of the East Indies.

The fourth annual session of the French Association for the Advancement of Science will take place at Nantes from the 19th to the 26th of August, 1875. This body, although young, has already taken rank among the first of the national establishments of the kind, and the meeting that is announced will doubtless not be inferior in interest to any of its predecessors. Invitations have been extended to many Americans, and we hope that there may be a fair representation from the United States.

The expedition of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD for Nova Zembla left Tromsöe on the 8th of June. The vessel is commanded by Captain ISAKSEN, an arctic navigator of much experience. It is proposed to proceed directly to the southern coast of Nova Zembla (where it is hoped that Samoyeds will be found) and thence in an easterly direction to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, where Professor NORDENSKJÖLD expected to leave the ship and continue the voyage in boats.

The report of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey contains matter of exceptional ethnological interest in its account of an old people living in the hill jungles of the Western Ghauts, to the southwest of the Polanel Hills. Stories had been heard of a strange dwarfish people in the southwestern corner of the Tinnevelly district, but it was not until recently that any thing definite was known about them, when Mr. BOND, a member of the survey, secured an interview with a man and woman. Of these the man was supposed by Mr. BOND to be twenty-five, and the woman eighteen years old. The man is four feet six inches high, twenty-six and a quarter inches round the chest, and eighteen and a half inches horizontally round the head over the eyebrows. He has a round head, coarse, black, woolly hair, and a dark brown skin. The forehead is low and slightly retreating; the lower part of the face projects like the muzzle of a monkey; and the mouth, which is small and oval, with thick lips, protrudes about an inch beyond his nose. He has short bandy-legs, a comparatively long body, and arms that extend almost to his knees. The back, above the hips, is concave, making the buttocks appear to be much protruded. The hands and fingers are dumpy, and always contracted, so that they can not be made to stretch out quite straight and flat; the palms and fingers are covered with thick skin (more particularly the tips of the fingers), and the nails are small and imperfect. The feet are broad, and thick-skinned all over. The hairs of his mustache are of a grayish-white, scanty and coarse, like bristles, and he has no beard.

The woman is four feet six and a half inches high, twenty-seven inches round the chest above the breasts, and nineteen and a half horizontally round the head above the brows; the color of the skin is sallow, or of a nearly yellow tint; the hair is black, long, and straight, and the features well formed. There is no difference between her appearance and that of the women common to that part of the country. She is pleasant to look at, well developed, and modest. Their only dress is a loose cloth, and they eat flesh, but feed chiefly on roots and honey. They have no fixed dwelling-places, but sleep in any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted. They make a fire, and cook what they have collected during the day, and keep the fire burning all night for warmth, and to frighten away wild animals. They worship certain local divinities of the forest—Rákas, or Rákári, and Pé, after whom the hill is named Pé-malei. The woman cooks for and waits on the man, eating only after he is satisfied.

PARADE OF FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS STATE GUARDS.

WE present on page 685 a fine illustration of the First Regiment of Illinois State Guards as it appeared on parade and for review by the Governor of Illinois on the 28th ult. in the South Park at Chicago. This regiment is of quite recent organization, having appeared but once before, when it paraded as escort to the Grand Army of the Republic at its annual meeting in May last. The substantial citizens of Chicago had long felt the need of a strong military support to the civil government, and hailed the formation of this regiment with delight, subscribing to its organization with great liberality. It is fortunate to a great degree in its list of field-officers, having for its colonel General A. C. M'CLURG, for its lieutenant-colonel G. S. HUBBARD, Jun., and for its major E. K. KNOX—all officers who served with distinction in the late war, and officers from whom the citizens and the regiment will expect much. This regiment shows a perfection in drill, marching, and military carriage that is truly surprising, and gives evidence that very many of the line officers as well as the field have seen service. It is to-day as great a favorite in Chicago as the "Seventh" is in New York, for, like the last-named regiment, it is composed of men of high standing, whose great aim is to excel. At its first parade it was enthusiastically received by the citizens and distinguished visitors from abroad, and from General SHERIDAN and other military men received high commendation. Its uniform is a beautiful gray, trimmed with black, while it is armed with the most recent and approved breech-loading muskets.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge." "How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer. "Not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman. "Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; it is the best course you can take." "Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly—"yaas, dat ish more better ash to quarrel mit Hans." But as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained any thing by going to law.

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for market is the axle-tree.

It has been ascertained that the "man who held on to the last" was a shoe-maker.

We recently read a dramatic criticism which, in speaking of the omission of the music of an operetta, said that "it suffered from the injudicious application of the harmonic pruning-knife!" Harmonic pruning-knife is good; but did not the critic mean to say harmonic tuning-fork?

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the rogue said when the rope was put round his neck.

TO CURE POVERTY.—Sit down and growl about it. By so doing you'll be sure to get rich, and make yourself particularly agreeable to every body.

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

WANTED—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

Not a great while since a pedagogue in one of the Eastern States was examining a class of pupils touching their ideas regarding the sea. Of one bright little fellow he asked the question how he would like a sea-faring life. "First-rate," was the reply, "except the fishing business." "And why not that?" "Because I don't like *whaling*."

Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which another replied, "Then come and undo me."

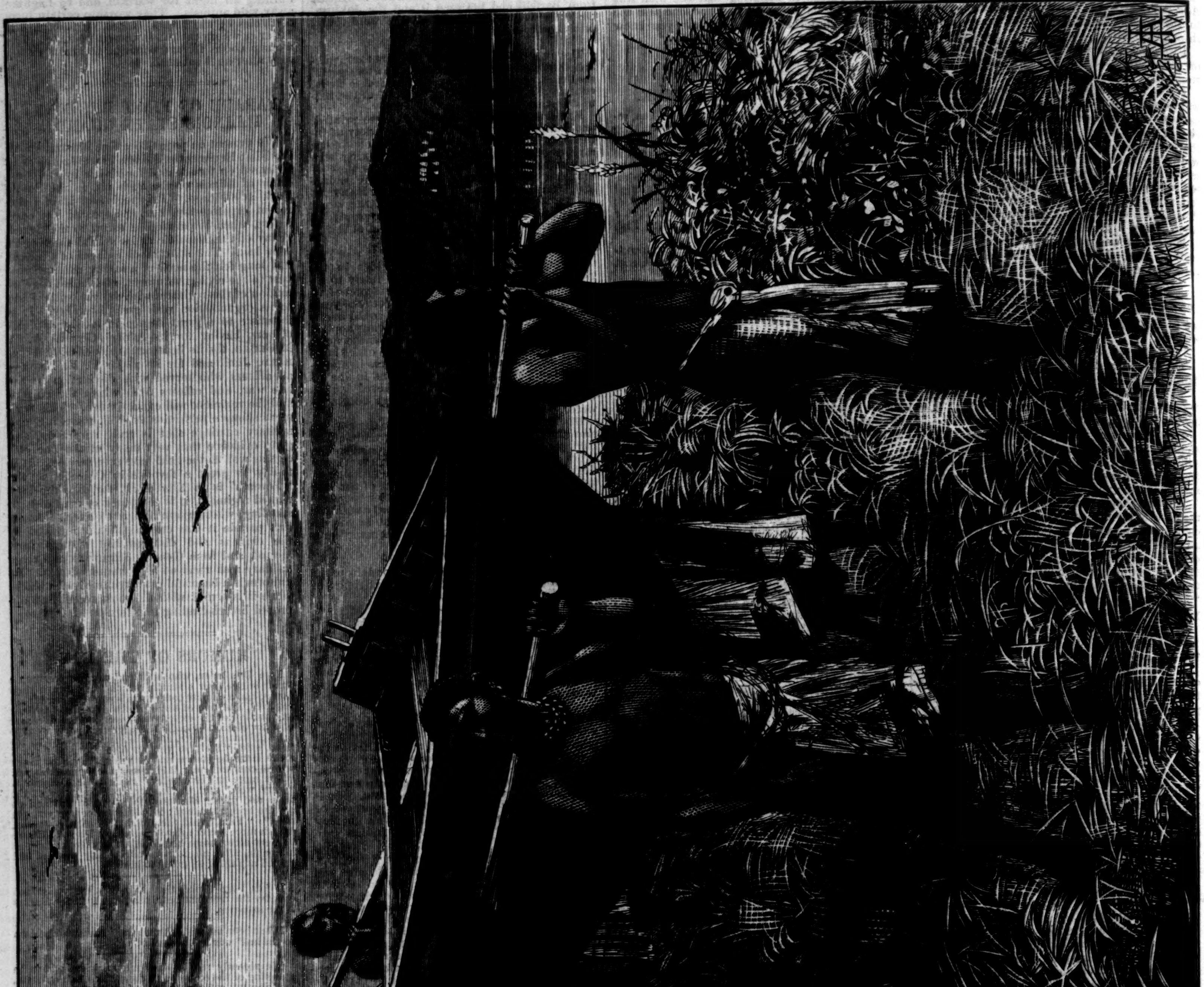
"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

An elderly lady, who with her daughter has just returned from rather a rapid journey through France, part of Germany, and Italy, was asked the other day if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La, ma, yes, we did," said her daughter; "that was the place where we bought the bad stockings."

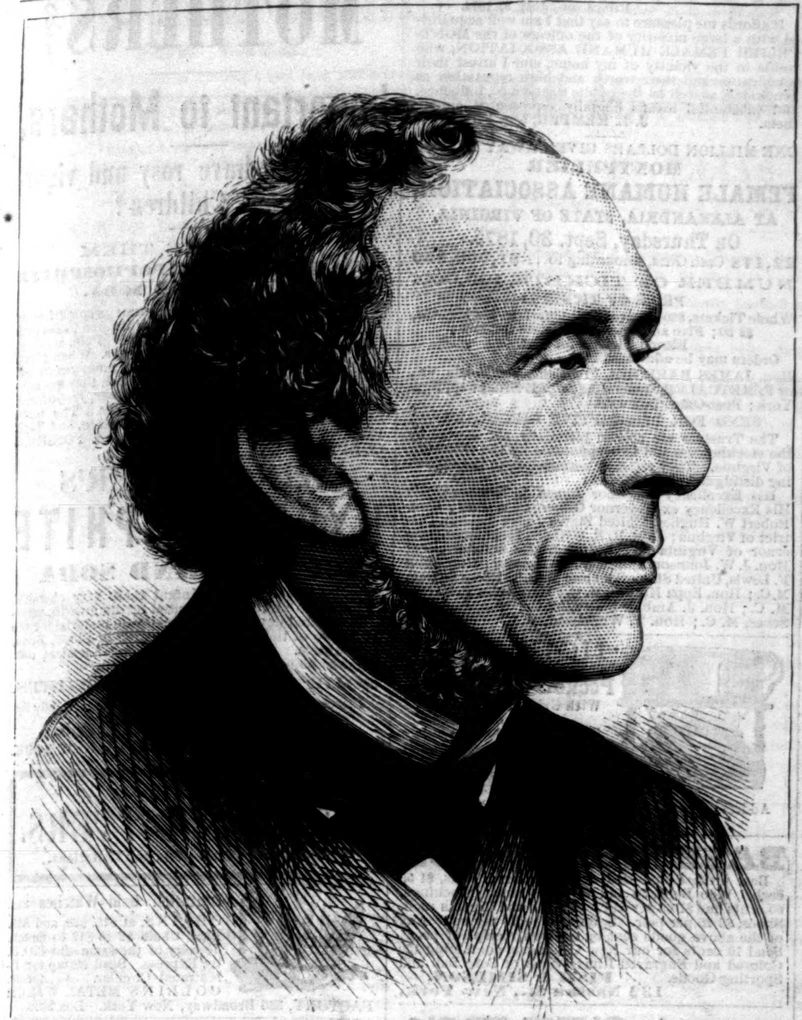
What word is that in the English language the first two letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman?—Heroine.

An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me when I got up was two brickbats."

Horace Walpole records in his *Walpoliana* an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."



MR. STANLEY'S BOAT FOR NAVIGATING THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF AFRICA.—[SEE PAGE 679.]



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

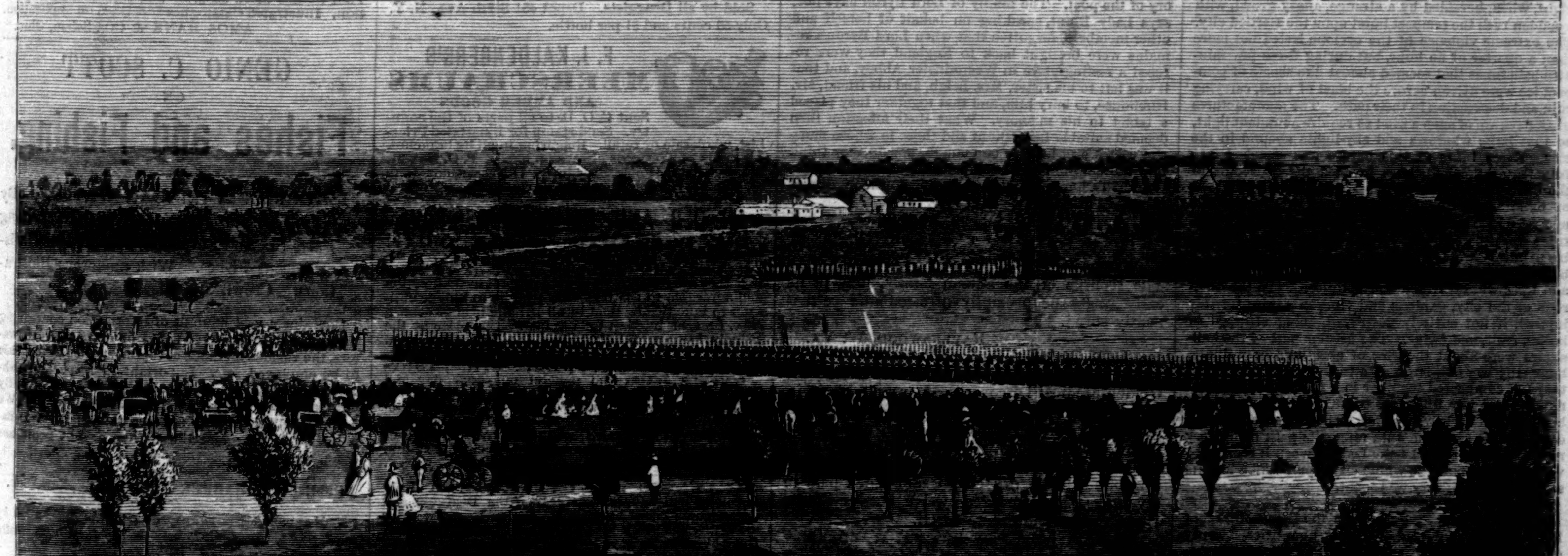
MR. S. PLIMSOLL, M.P.—[See Page 679.]

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen, the celebrated Danish poet and novelist, died at Copenhagen on the 4th inst., in his seventy-first year. His career was full of romantic interest. He was born at Odense, in the island of Fühnen, a part of the kingdom of Denmark, on the 2d of April, 1805. His father, a poor shoe-maker, died when Hans was nine years old, leaving the family in destitute circumstances. At that time he could barely read and write. A good lady gave the boy a home, and made him the companion of her children. He possessed a sensitive and highly poetic temperament, and showed the bent of his mind by studying tragedies, which, with a boy's impulsiveness, he tried to imitate. But his first attempts were not successful, and he was greatly troubled by the sport made of them. Soon after this he went to work in a large factory, where he tried to amuse his fellow-workmen by singing and reciting dramatic pieces; but the rough treatment he received drove him home, where he devoted his time to learning all he could from the few books at his command.

At fourteen years of age Hans left home for Copenhagen, with the intention of becoming an actor. His awkwardness and ignorance stood in his way, and for some time he earned a living by working for a carpenter. He then went to the Royal Conservatory, where he was kindly received by the director, Professor Siboni, who recognized his talents, and caused him to be instructed as a singer for the stage. But the boy's misfortunes were not yet at an end. Within six months his voice failed, and his teacher advised him to return home and learn a trade. Fortunately for himself and for literature, he was too ambitious to take the kindly meant advice, and struggled along under difficulties which would have disheartened a boy of duller temperament. At length, when he was twenty-three years old, Councilor Collin, a kind-hearted and benevolent man, seeing that Hans was clever and fond of study, had him admitted free of expense into the Royal College of Copenhagen.

He devoted himself earnestly to study and authorship. His first book, written while at college, *A Journey on Foot to Amak*, was declined by the publishers, and he brought it out himself. It proved to be a great success. Soon afterward he published some volumes of poems, which were



REVIEW OF THE FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS STATE VOLUNTEERS, CHICAGO.—Photographed by Gentilé.—[See Page 683.]

favorably received. In 1833 ANDERSEN visited Italy, and the year following gave his impressions of that country in his novel, *The Improvisatore*, which he gratefully dedicated to his friend COLLIN. This work has been translated into almost every European language, and is considered to be unrivaled as a picture of scenery and manners in Southern Europe. His next novel, *O. T.*, described life in the North, and in *Only a Fiddler*, which followed, he told some of the most striking incidents in his early struggles.

ANDERSEN was now famous. He resolved to travel for the purpose of learning the customs and manners of foreign peoples, and describing them in his books. In 1842 he went to Italy, whence he traveled to Turkey and the Holy Land. Before returning home he visited Germany, Austria, and England, making friends every where. While thus traveling from place to place he was constantly writing the books which have rendered him so popular in every land, and gained him especially the affection of the young. The principal of these works are *Fairy Tales*, *Picture-Book without Pictures*, *Travels in the Hartz Mountains*, *A Poet's Bazaar*, *Ahasuerus*, and *New Fairy Tales*. All of these have been translated into nearly every European language, and have found their way to the peasant's hut as well as to the royal palace. The English translations have been mostly from the pen of MARY HOWITT, who succeeded admirably in retaining the charm of the author's style.

In his old age ANDERSEN was greatly honored among his countrymen, who regarded him with affectionate reverence. Twenty thousand crowns were raised to erect a monument to him in Copenhagen. The children of America, whom he had delighted with his exquisite fairy tales, sent him last Christmas a sum of money raised by small subscriptions—a remembrance which drew from the genial old man a touching letter of thanks. For many years he enjoyed a small pension from the crown of Denmark, which, supplemented by the income from his books, enabled him to live in ease and comfort.

ANDERSEN achieved fame in many branches of literature; but his name will live longest in the hearts of the children. No fairy tales are so fascinating to childhood as his; and we may be sure that to his genial heart no thought was sweeter than the assurance that the little ones of all generations to come would love his name and take delight in the books he wrote for them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE city of Geneva, whose inhabitants generously gave help to the sufferers by the recent inundations in the south of France, has itself been visited by a great calamity. A furious tempest passed over it on the night of July 7, carrying with it alarm and great destruction. The storm is one of the most remarkable on record in that country. The previous day had been hot, heavy, and sultry, a motionless mist filling the air toward evening, through which, however, the mountains were plainly visible, and had the appearance of being very near—an unusual phenomenon, known as the precursor of bad weather. Early in the evening rain began to fall, accompanied by incessant lightning without thunder. The lightning increased in intensity until the whole city seemed to be enveloped in flame. But the air remained still until toward midnight, when, heralded by a strange, angry growl, with a sudden rush the tempest burst upon the startled city. The extreme violence of the cyclone lasted not more than a quarter of an hour, but during those few minutes hailstones that seemed almost like sheets of compact ice were driven before the blast of wind, carrying ruin and destruction in their path. The manufactures of Geneva are of such a kind as require abundant light, so that large windows and sky-lights abound in the city. Every thing of this nature was smashed into fragments; the hailstones invaded the bedrooms of the affrighted people; through the shivered windows of buildings containing collections of pictures the masses of ice were shot with such violence that pictures were pierced as if by rifle-bullets. Some valuable paintings were seriously injured. The tiles of many houses were broken; gas-lights and telegraph poles and trees were shivered and splintered. In the environs of the city, gardens and vineyards were terribly injured, if not entirely destroyed, being stripped of leaves, fruit, and twigs. The greater part of the hailstones were about the size of chestnuts or walnuts, but many were as large as a turkey's egg, and often they fell compacted together in a solid mass. Fortunately there was little loss of human life; vast numbers of small birds were killed. This remarkable storm came mainly from the Jura range, its path being very narrow until it neared Lake Leman, when it seemed to widen to embrace the whole city, upon which and its suburbs its chief fury was spent.

Professor Janney reports from the Black Hills that he has discovered gold in paying quantities, twenty or thirty miles northeast of Harney's Peak. Nevertheless he adds, "But no matter how valuable the mines may be, the future great wealth of the Black Hills will be its grass lands, farms, and timber. The soil is deep and fertile, and the rain-fall greater and more regular than that of any region west of the Alleghany Mountains."

The statue of Daniel O'Connell which it is proposed to erect in Central Park is to be placed between the first and second rows of trees on the east side of the Mall, south of the concert garden.

The disappointed young man who sent two three-cent stamps in a letter to his lady-love, asking for her hand, has received no answer, and openly declares that she is a "mercenary hypocrite."

The happy precincts of the Central Park have been, on two or three occasions this summer, ruthlessly invaded by wild steers, which have caused the greatest consternation among those who chanced to be within the Park. On one occasion the furious beast caught a woman between his horns. The officers who, armed with rifles and revolvers, were in full pursuit did not dare fire for fear of harming the woman or some one in the crowd. But they shouted to the woman to lie down and not move, and she did so. The creature apparently concluded she was dead, for he rushed onward, and charged successively upon an old man, a boy about fourteen years old, and a man, each of whom, following the directions given, lay down upon the ground. Some of them, however, were severely injured. After a long chase the crowd was kept back, and the wild animal was shot.

How far keepers of bath-houses at sea-side resorts are responsible for the clothing and valuables put in their charge in bathing-houses is a question which has recently been under legal discussion. However it may be decided, it is manifest by facts that bathing-houses are very unsafe places wherein to deposit money or jewelry.

An "observation car" has been placed upon their road from Fort Ticonderoga and Lake George by the managers of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The sides of the car are entirely removed as far as the window-sills, affording the occupants an unobstructed view of the surrounding scenery. For protection against rain, strong curtains are fixed above the opening, and can be lowered and fastened. The seats in each car consist of two long settees placed back to back, and extending the entire length of the car.

The Law Library, which has been moved into the fourth story of the new Post-office, consists of 18,000 volumes. Whatever of value is published in this country or Great Britain bearing on legal subjects is purchased for the library, which also contains a fine collection of about 600 volumes of French law-books, as well as a number of Spanish, Italian, and German works. The only libraries in this country which can compare favorably with it in its special scope are the Library of Congress at Washington and the New York State Library at Albany. The books fill two magnificent rooms, with a committee-room between. In the middle of the larger room is a marble statue of James T. Brady, by MacDonald. Over one of the windows will be placed a large portrait of William Curtis Noyes, the former librarian. In the west room will be portraits of Chancellor Kent, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Judge Greene C. Bronson. In the committee-room there will be two medallions in bronze, one representing Charles O'Conor, the present president of the library, the other representing William M. Evarts, the chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence.

At the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Woman's Board of Foreign Missions at Milwaukee, Miss Rhea, a returned missionary, addressed the audience with practical effect. One lady offered as a contribution a twenty-five-dollar ring, another a silk dress, another a diamond ring, and the money came pouring in until seven hundred and fifty dollars were collected.

The new Floating Hospital for the benefit of destitute sick children in the city is performing its charitable mission with great success. The new barge, in charge of St. John's Guild, is itself the gift of benevolent hearts, and will need the support of the public to enable it to fulfill its sanitary purposes. Medical men believe that the fresh air and wholesome food supplied by means of the Floating Hospital will have a decided tendency to diminish the frightful mortality which prevails among the tenement-house children of New York. Medical attendance and medicines are furnished without charge on board, and two substantial meals are served to mothers or nurses of sick children, and every thing needful is generously supplied. Many useful supplies have been contributed by friends of this charity, which are gratefully acknowledged by those in responsible charge of the undertaking.

The *Court Journal* states that Lady Anne Noel Blunt has written to Mr. Disraeli, as president of the Byron Memorial Committee, to protest against the proposal to place a tablet in Hucknall Torkard Church in memory of the poet. The family of Lord Byron have not, says Lady Blunt, speaking on behalf of herself and other members, forgotten that when Lord Byron's remains were brought back to England they were refused a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, and that it was left to his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, to bury him, and that together they placed a tablet to his memory. What their affection then deemed suitable Lady Blunt and those in whose name she writes still hold to be enough, nor do they think that the addition of a slab placed by subscription in Hucknall Church will add any thing to the dignity of the poet's tomb.

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KATE T. WARDNER.

A son of Mr. J. H. MESECK, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., has been cured of Consumption by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—so says Mr. C. B. CANFIELD, editor of the *Chatham Courier*.

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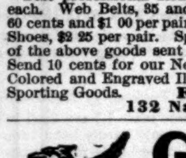

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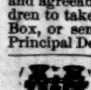

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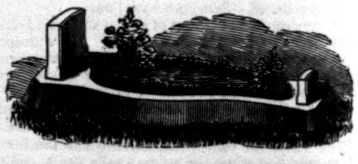

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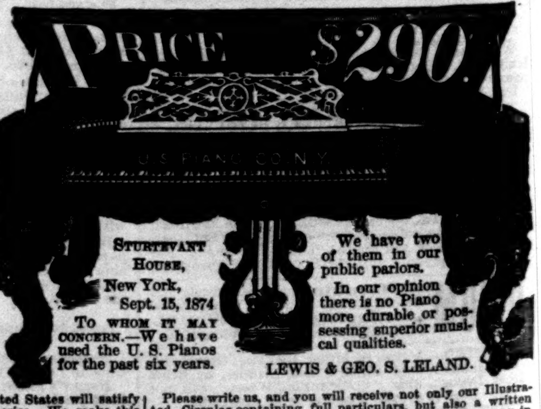

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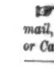

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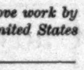

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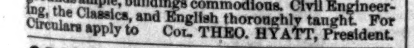

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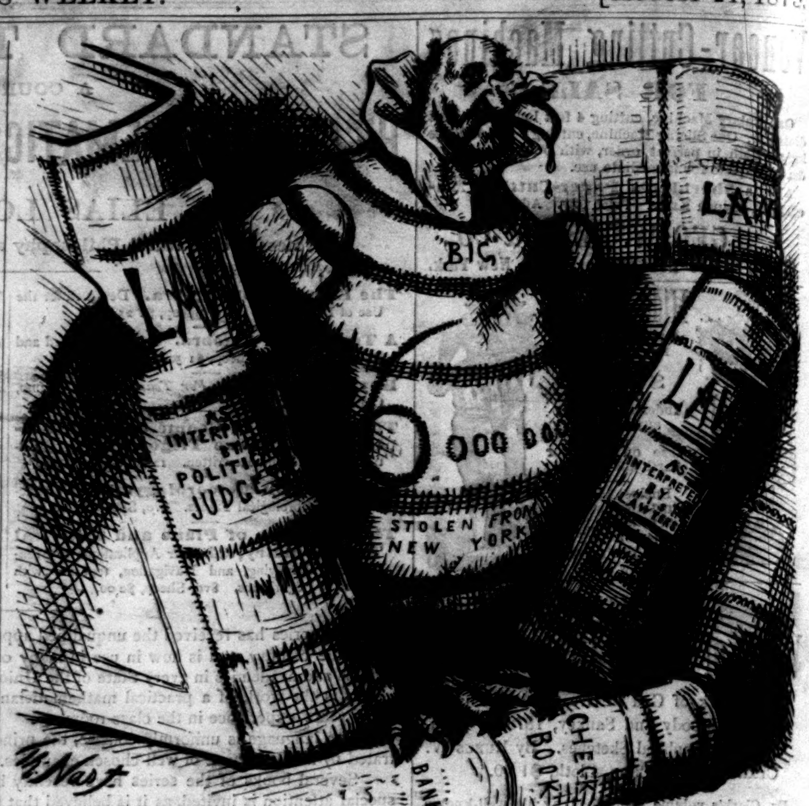

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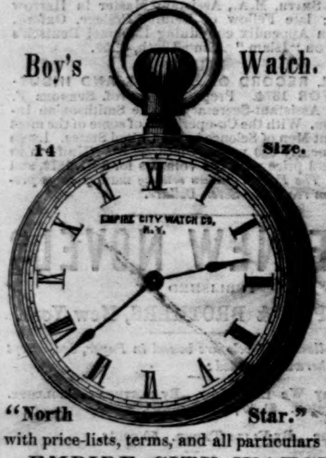

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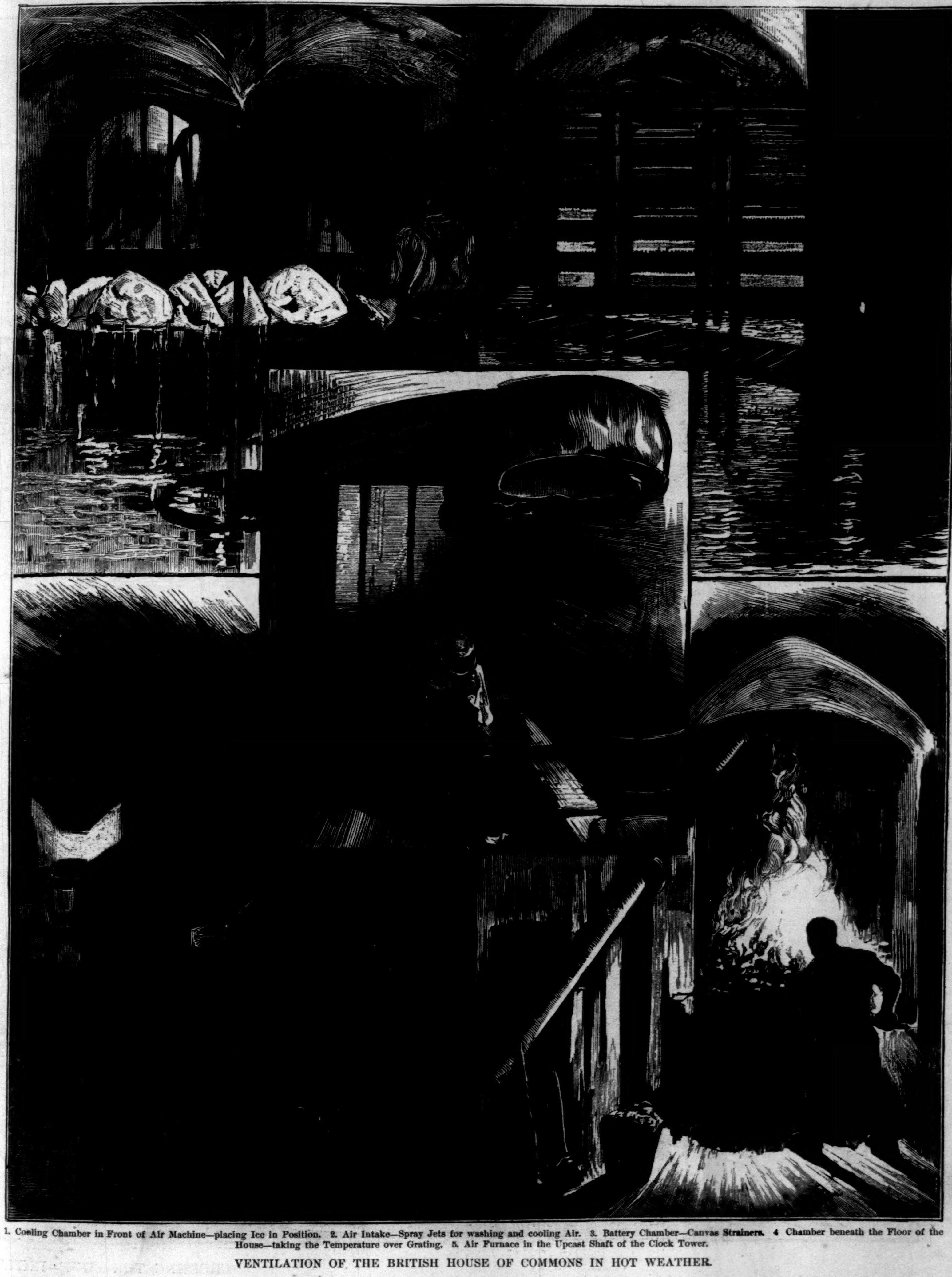

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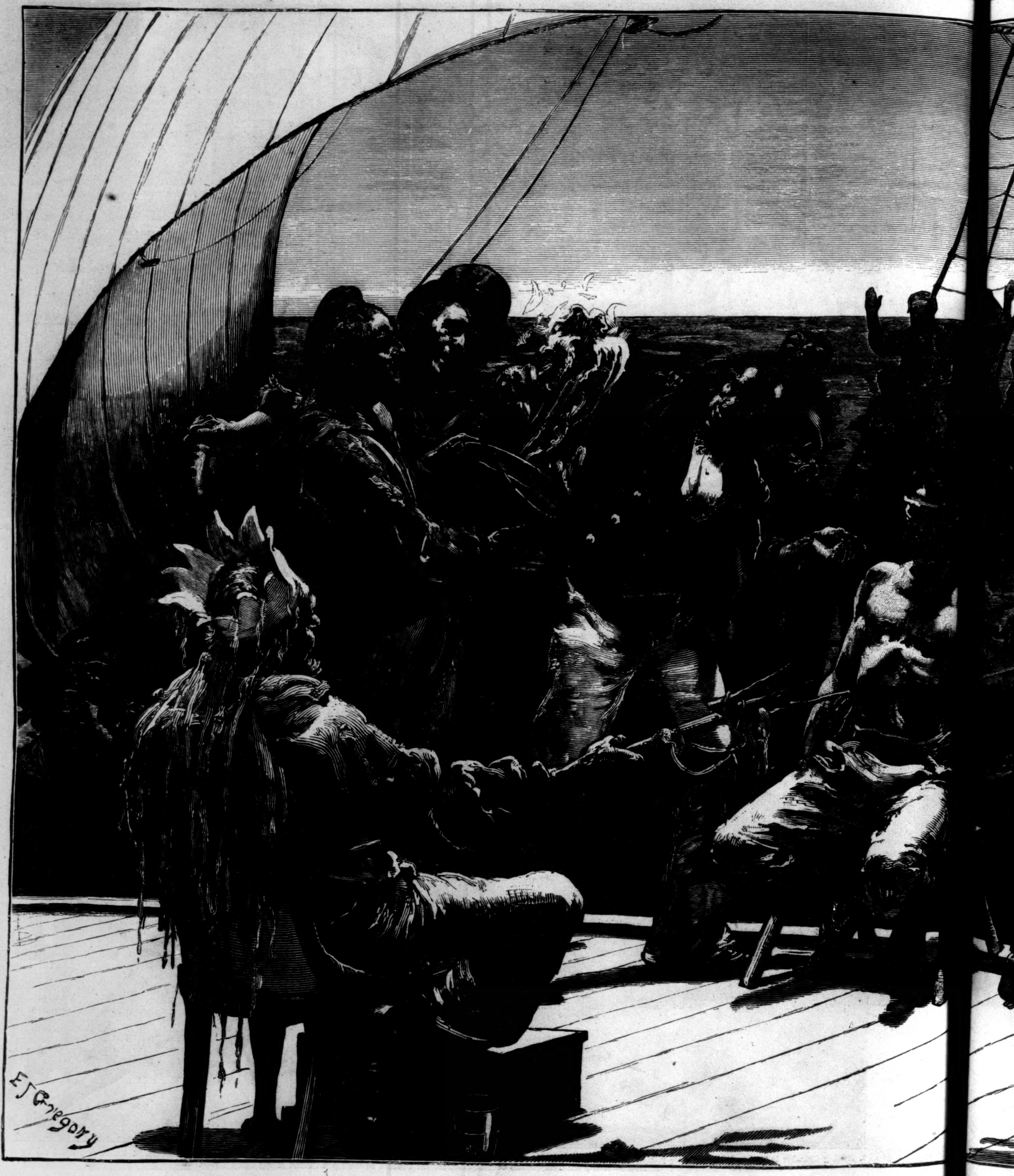

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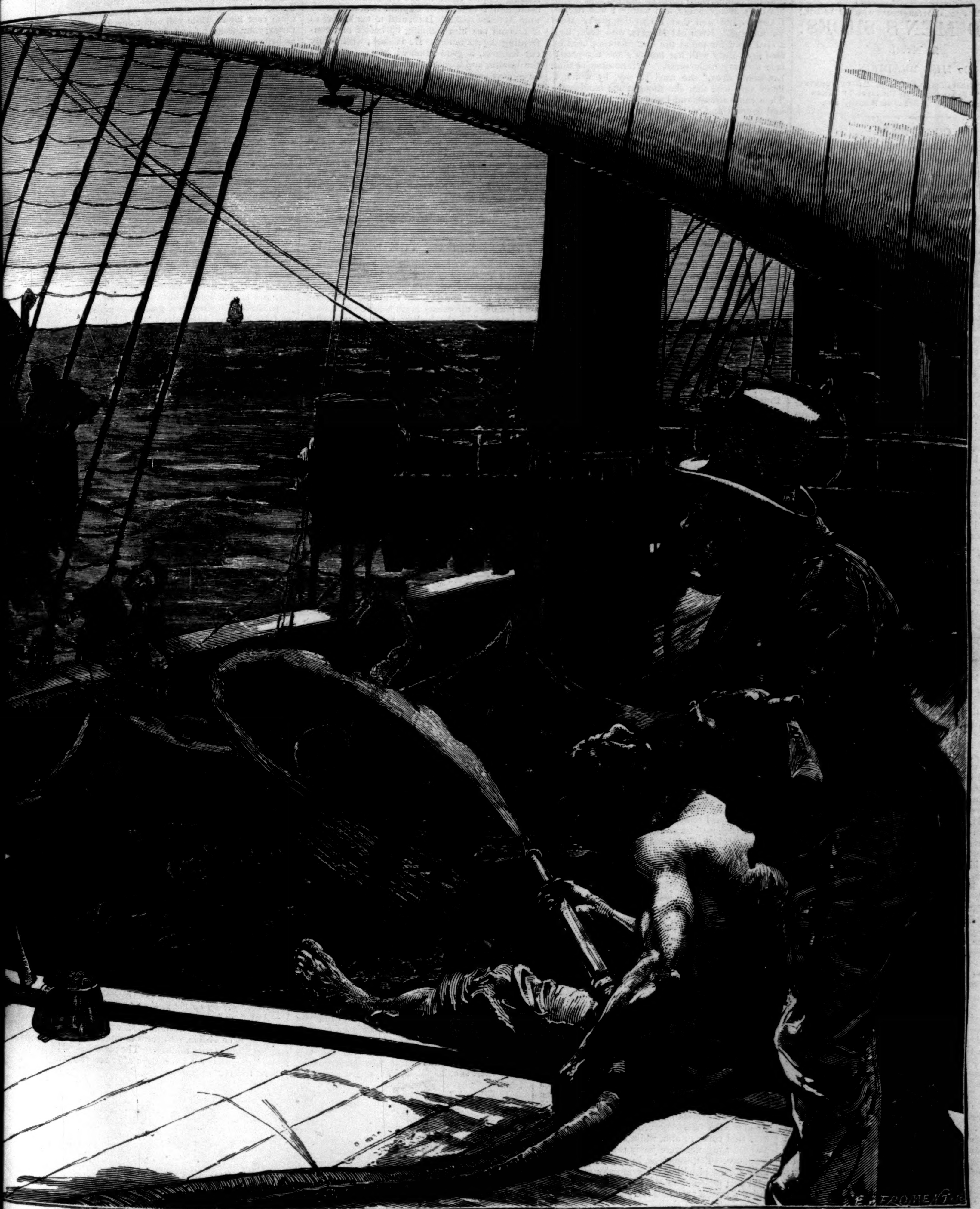

TO THE MYSTERIES OF FATHER NEPTUNE.

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bench directly in front of where the venerable sea-god is sitting. His eyes are bandaged tightly, and he is then subjected to a severe cross-questioning about his age, his home, his former occupation, and closely examined as regards his knowledge of all things appertaining to a ship, and the duties of a seaman aboard of her. If he resents this catechism, or his answers are not satisfactory to the audience about him, old Father Neptune prods him occasionally with the points of his trident, by way of reminding him how useless it is to refuse to answer the interrogations of a god, and the nature of the punishment that lies ready for him in case he is contumacious.

The next feature of the ceremony is the shaving of the victim. A thick lather is prepared, which contains among other ingredients, whatever they may be, one that is intended to irritate the skin. This is a trying moment for the unfortunate novice. In the picture we see the barbers, who have their bucket and brush all ready, and seem to be in the act of lathering the poor victim. One man is holding a ragged piece of bone, which will probably be the instrument used for the shaving. Sometimes a handsaw is used, at others a lath, and sometimes the sailors push their barbarous fun so far as to use pieces of glass, but this seldom occurs, as their object is only to frighten the poor fellow they have so completely in their power, and not to injure him in any way. In the right of the picture we have an elaborately attired Irishman, with a bottle marked "Lotion" in his hand. He probably represents the physician, though his medicine is most likely that which Jacky prefers to any other, and the only one he is likely to consent to take on such a festive occasion—grog.

Another interesting part of the ceremonies is going on just at the foot of the ship's mast. A large piece of sail-cloth is taken and fastened so that it may be made to hold a quantity of water, something like a tank. Into this the unfortunate novices are thrown after their catechism is finished and the shaving process concluded to the satisfaction of old Neptune. As they are blindfolded, their impression is that they have been flung into the sea, until they struggle about, and the narrowness of their quarters undeceives them. Through such uncomfortable experiences as these they are initiated into the mysteries of the sea.

Yet Jacky's life is a hard one, and it is wonderful that amidst so much of toil and hardship and privation he should preserve the lightness of heart and spirit necessary in order to play such pranks as these. Few can realize who have not looked over the statistics how many vessels are lost at sea and the number of human lives that perish with them. It is said that the average number of English vessels wrecked during a single year is between three and four thousand.